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A SKETCH OF ETHAN ALLEN—EARLY HISTORY OF VERMONT.

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ETHAN ALLEN has been called the Robin Hood of Vermont; but this comparison, while making clear the wild license of his method of resisting oppression, seems to exaggerate his lawlessness. There was nothing personal nor selfish in his interference with the freedom and property of those to whom in the interest of liberty he was hostile. Robin Hood may have been misrepresented, but tradition paints him not only as an outlaw but a highwayman whose virtues were those of a magnanimous bandit. Ethan Allen was a conscientious rebel, and his being outlawed was the result of the sternest and boldest patriotism.

As to the origin of the subject of this paper, the Allens can doubtless claim, if not prove, their descent from the Alain who commanded the rear guard in the army of William the Conqueror at the battle of Hastings in famous 1066, and this is certainly farther back than the most worthy Daughter of the American Revolution needs or possibly cares to go; for in our time, to prove oneself Norman is several shades less desirable than being the burly Anglo-Saxon.

Ethan Allen's father was Joseph Allen, son of the widow Mercy Allen, who died at Litchfield, Connecticut, in 1728.

Joseph Allen married Mary Baker, and Ethan was their first-born son. Like Shakespeare and some other celebrities, there has been uncertainty as to the age of Ethan Allen, born January 10, 1737, nominally. His birth, counting back from our time, occurred actually in 1738; as the British year ended

March 24th until by an act of Parliament New Year's day was made in 1752 January 1st instead of March 25th. So, by an accurate enumeration of months and years, Ethan Allen is always a year younger than the dates indicate—a case in which figures certainly lie.

Born at Litchfield, Connecticut, his parents removed to Cornwall when Ethan was two years old. Here he lived until he was twenty-four. He had five brothers and two sisters. His brother Ira was an able and public-spirited man, conspicuous in Vermont's affairs both civil and military.

Ethan Allen married Mary Brownson, a young woman five years older than himself, when he was twenty-four years of age, and after his marriage lived in Salisbury, Connecticut, and the neighboring Massachusetts township of Sheffield for seven years, when in 1769 he came to Vermont, taking up land in Bennington. Mary Brownson Allen was the mother of four daughters and a son.

To the student of Ethan Allen's life and character no question is more pressing than this: How did the first thirty-one years of Ethan Allen's life fit him for his remarkable achievements in and for Vermont?

"For Vermont," we say, and yet it must not be forgotten that in 1769 Vermont did not exist. This beautiful and fertile tract of country was too exposed to the incursions of the French and the Indians of Canada for early settlement. The first land occupied by English settlers was Bennington, granted by Governor Benjamin Wentworth, of New Hampshire, in 1749. In 1754 four more townships were granted, but not occupied until more peaceful times; and at the close of the French and Indian wars, within four years Governor Wentworth granted 138 townships. All these were known as the New Hampshire Grants and so called until a convention of the settlers adopted a declaration of the independence of the New Hampshire Grants and called their Commonwealth New Connecticut in January, 1777, which name in July of the same year was changed to Vermont at the suggestion of Dr. Thomas Young, of Philadelphia, who also suggested as a model for the constitution that of Pennsylvania. His advice was followed in both cases. From July, 1777, until February, 1791,

Vermont struggled for admission to the Union, but not until March 4, 1791, did she become one of the United States. There is no portion of American history more perplexing to the student than the early history of Vermont, and its explanation is inextricably interwoven with the most important events in Ethan Allen's life and the boldest deeds of his stirring career.

But we must now ask what kind of a man was this who came to Vermont in this crucial period and proved one of her staunchest defenders?

Unfortunately the details of Ethan Allen's education and early training are lacking. He certainly studied for a time with Rev. Mr. Lee, of Salisbury, and his brother Ira says he was prepared for college. There were then only three colleges in this country, Harvard, William and Mary, and Yale; but Ethan Allen never entered the walls of either of these "halls of learning," as his father's death made it necessary for the eldest son to give up classical studies and go to work. From his subsequent career and his numerous letters and pamphlets one can only infer that he was of a thoughtful if not a studious nature. He says of himself: "In my youth I was much disposed to contemplation, and at my commencement in manhood I committed to manuscript such sentiments or arguments as appeared most consonant to reason, lest through the debility of memory my improvement should have been less gradual. This method of scribbling I practiced for many years, from which I experienced great advantages in the progression of learning and knowledge; the more so as I was deficient in education and had to acquire the knowledge of grammar and language, as well as the art of reasoning, principally from a studious application to it; which, after all, I am sensible, lays me under disadvantages particularly in matters of composition; however, to remedy this defect, I have substituted the most unwearied pains." And further, concerning his hatred of tyranny, he writes: "Ever since I arrived at the state of manhood and acquainted myself with the general history of mankind, I have felt a sincere passion for liberty. The history of nations doomed to perpetual slavery in consequence of yielding up to tyrants their natural-born liberties I read with a sort of philosophical horror."

In Allen's youth Whitfield was preaching in this country and stirring large audiences by his eloquence and enthusiasm. Allen was brought up in an atmosphere of Armenianism in distinction from the more prevalent Calvinism of New England. The doctrine of the imputation of the apostasy of Adam and Eve to the race, commonly known as "the doctrine of original sin," first troubled his youthful faith; and when later he was told by a clergyman that if he gave up that doctrine he must upon the same grounds disbelieve that of the imputation of the righteousness of Christ to believers, he discarded both, and in early manhood ceased on what he considered rational grounds to believe in the authenticity of the Bible. When asked, however, if he were a deist, he answered that he had never read their writings. And much later in his life, when Universalism was introduced into Vermont, a man who was a secret Tory said to him: "That religion will suit you, won't it, Allen?" He replied: "No! No! for there must be a hell in the other world for the punishment of Tories." His heresies and his profanity have given rise to a charge of atheism in Allen; but although he enjoyed battling with religious orthodoxy in New England, yet his biographer says: "He was energetic in his expressions of veneration for the Deity and a firm believer in the immortality of the soul."

Before Allen's removal to Vermont he was engaged in carrying on a farm, working a mine, and casting iron ore; and in these occupations, rather than in civil or military affairs, he developed his executive abilities.

Physically, Ethan Allen was a king among men. Thomson, whether on the authority of history or tradition, writes of him in his story, "The Green Mountain Boys:" "Of an uncommon height and with an extraordinary breadth of chest, supplied with large brawny limbs; his whole frame constituted a figure of the most herculean cast; while his large darkly bright eyes and the air of intelligence that marked the general expression of his coarse, lion-like features, gave evidence that his intellectual powers were not, as frequently occurs in such instances, wholly incommensurate with his physical proportions."

Side by side with this study of the powers of mind and body

that Ethan Allen brought to Vermont in 1760 we may well look at the condition of the embryo State.

Henry Hall gives this picture of its crude civilization:

"The population was about 5,000, chiefly on the east side of the mountains. The bulk of the people lived in log houses with earthen floors and with windows made of oiled paper, isinglass, rawhides, or sometimes 6x9 panes of glass. Smaller log houses were used to protect domestic animals from wolves and bears, as well as from the inclemency of the weather. It was the life of the frontier in the wilderness where the struggle for bare sustenance left little time for the acquirement of knowledge, much less of accomplishments."

Bare as this picture is, the political situation of the New Hampshire Grants was still worse. The province of New York claimed the right to grant the lands lying between Lake Champlain and the Connecticut River, on the ground that in the preceding century Charles II had given his brother, the Duke of York, a charter to the lands lying between the Delaware and the Connecticut. The geography of the New World was little known in the seventeenth century, and further, the wording was ambiguous and vague; so that when the Duke of York became James II the charter was held to be a nullity, as all his lands as British sovereign were subject to redivision. And with this understanding New Hampshire had given grants in the King's name to the early settlers to the number of between one and two hundred townships before New York, as represented by avaricious officers and attorneys, began a series of usurpations and ejections. The most flagrant offense in the eyes of the settlers was that New York should grant lands already cleared and cultivated, as well as paid for, by men holding New Hampshire grants. This rank injustice aroused all the manhood of the Green Mountain boys to resist oppression.

When we add to her crude civilization and her unsettled political condition the exposed situation of territory which was the actual frontier of the country and ever accessible to Indians, we can faintly realize the metal of the men who had the will and the courage to settle Vermont. If it is true, as the old story says, "Vermont raises men," it is as true that it took

men, and stalwart ones, to make Vermont, remote from the commerce of the sea coast and thriving towns and from the growing center of education, exposed to savage raids, and its territory contested by two, if not three, claimants. A man had almost to fight his way to his grant, perhaps fight to obtain it, and often fight to keep it his own. Thomson says: "It seems to be universally conceded that the first settlers of Vermont were men of an iron mould and of an indomitable spirit. And it is no less true, we apprehend, that with corporeal frames unusually large and muscular and constitutions peculiarly robust and enduring, they possessed, also, intelligence and mental energies which (considering what might naturally be expected of men of their condition of life, and in their situation in a wilderness affording none of the ordinary means of intellectual culture) were equally remarkable. * * * * The enterprise, too, which they undertook, that of settling a wild and rough frontier country, known to be attended by a thousand difficulties and hardships, and beset by a thousand dangers, was one in which men of ordinary stamina would never think of engaging."

Whatever may be true of the rank and file of the settlers, such courage and strength were found preëminently in the rugged hero of this sketch. Vermont needed such men—such a man—and Ethan Allen required the opportunity. Before condemning the rashness, even to madness, of a great part of his career one must consider his fitness to his environment and the kind of man "the hour" demanded.

Ethan Allen, from his first appearance in Vermont until the opening of the Revolution, threw himself heart and soul into the struggle against New York claims. Reaching the New Hampshire Grants when the contest was waxing, he was the head and front of the resistance to New York aggressions.

In 1770 he appeared at a law suit in Albany over disputed territory, but finding that the decisions of the court were a burlesque of justice, he resolved to resort to mob law if no other could insure the secure possession of their hardy-earned homes. The seal of New Hampshire proving insufficient the threatened settlers resorted to what they called the "Beech seal," and this was no other than the application of a beech

rod to the back of persons attempting to hold New York grants or enforce New York claims. Allen, with other bold pioneers, formed military companies, Warner, Baker, and others being captains, and Ethan Allen colonel, in order to meet armed aggression with armed resistance.

On Breckenridge's farm in Bennington the Albany sheriff, with 300 followers, tried to enforce New York "justice," but on encountering the Green Mountain Boys they ignominiously fled. Shortly after this money was offered for the arrest of Allen and other leaders, to which Allen replied with an offered reward of twenty-five pounds for the arrest of two prominent lawyers of Albany. Allen delighted in responding to charges in the newspapers, and in writing letters to governors, conventions and congresses. His pen was almost if not quite as dear to him as his sword. The Green Mountain Boys, as these patriot bands called themselves, had no thought of giving up their leaders, and Ethan Allen, though a prescribed criminal, went about unscathed. He even rode unmolested through Albany, drank a bowl of punch at the principal tavern (Albany had then a population of about ten thousand), mounted his horse boldly, shouting "Hurrah for the Green Mountains!" and rode leisurely away. His commanding physique and ready firearms may have been the cause of his immunity, but there was also doubtless a secret sympathy felt by the mass of the common people of New York for the independence and courage of the Green Mountain Boys.

Their methods of expulsion of New York grantees were rude in the extreme, resembling a severe form of "hazing." Lives were not wilfully taken, but the offenders were made ridiculous, received whippings or "duckings," and in the worst cases their property was destroyed. *

When a man consented to secure a New Hampshire grant instead of the New York claim he held, the roof of his cabin was removed to terrorize him and later put on again under promise of future good behavior.

Men complaining of being charged exorbitant fees for the required New Hampshire grant were protected against imposition.

When negotiations came from the New York government

towards reconciliation, Allen, Seth Warner (a brave and prudent officer), Cochran, and Sevil were excluded from the promised pardon. Allen wrote for his friends and himself the following defense and appeal to Governor Tryon, of New York:

"No consideration whatever shall induce us to remit in the least of our loyalty and gratitude to our most Gracious Sovereign and reasonably to you; yet no tyranny shall deter us from asserting and vindicating our rights and privileges as Englishmen." He further pleads: "We think change made by fraud. * * * * The New York patentees got judgments, took out writs, and actually dispossessed several by order of law of their houses and farms and necessaries. These families spent their fortunes in bringing wilderness into fruitful fields, gardens, and orchards. Over fifteen hundred families ejected. If we don't oppose sheriff he takes our houses and farms. If we do we are indicted rioters. If our friends help us they were indicted rioters. * * * * We entreat your aid to quiet us in our farms till the King decides it."

But now more stirring issues arose than those that concerned land grants. The British stamp act and other impositions had driven the American colonists to revolt. When news of the firing upon Americans at Lexington came it roused New England to the necessity of capturing Fort Ticonderoga.

Washington Irving writes of this crisis in Vermont: "Boundary feuds were forgotten amid the great questions of colonial rights. Ethan Allen at once stepped forward a patriot, and volunteered with the Green Mountain Boys to serve in the popular cause. He was well fitted for the enterprise in question by his experience as a frontier champion, his robustness of mind and body, and his fearless spirit. He had a kind of rough eloquence also that was very effective with his followers. 'His style,' says one who knew him personally, 'was a singular compound of local barbarisms, scriptural phrases, and oriental wildness; and though unclassical and sometimes ungrammatical, was highly animated and forcible.'"

Ethan Allen and his Green Mountain Boys, reënforced by a company from Connecticut and Massachusetts, eagerly set about the attack upon Fort Ticonderoga. Benedict Arnold, with a commission from Massachusetts to raise a company of

not more than 400 men and take Fort Ticonderoga, arrives upon the scene only to assist at Ethan Allen's victory, as the Green Mountain Boys will follow no other leader than the one of their own choosing, the bold, rough, resolute, and unflinching Ethan Allen. Just at dawn on the 10th day of May, 1775, Ethan Allen, with eighty-three fearless followers, surprised and took Fort Ticonderoga. From the hero's own account of the capture I take his harangue to his officers and soldiers, as it well illustrates his power as a speech-maker:

"Friends and fellow-soldiers, you have for a number of years past been a scourge and terror to arbitrary power. Your valor has been famed abroad and acknowledged, as appears by the advice and order to me from the General Assembly of Connecticut to surprise and take the garrison now before us. I now propose to advance before you and in person conduct you through the wicket gate, for we must this morning either quit our pretensions to valor or possess ourselves of this fortress in a few minutes; and inasmuch as it is a desperate attempt which none but the bravest of men dare undertake, I do not urge it on any contrary to his will. You that will undertake voluntarily poise your firelocks." It is needless to add that each poised his firelock, and the entrance was speedily effected.

Allen penetrated to the interior of the fortress. He found the commandant just aroused from sleep, and demanded the surrender of the fort "in the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress." The British were treated respectfully and allowed to retire in good order. Captain Seth Warner was sent to take Fort St. Frederick at Crown Point, which he did without a shot being fired. Besides the forts two hundred pieces of cannon and much needed ammunition fell into the hands of the Colonists.

The Continental Congress proposed the removal of the frontier garrison to the southern end of Lake George. Allen sent a letter of protest against the abandonment of the "gate of the north," as Lake Champlain was considered. He also advised a speedy invasion of Canada. Great was his disappointment when his beloved Green Mountain Boys made Seth Warner their colonel. He asked, however, the privilege of the

Government to raise a regiment among the Canadians. This was permitted, but without authority of General Montgomery, then in charge of the American northern forces. Allen, in concert with a Major Brown, made a rash attack upon Montreal. This is said to have been the scheme of Major Brown, but Allen's person as well as his fame have both suffered the penalty of this wild and fruitless attempt.

On September 24, 1775, Allen, with a force consisting of thirty Americans and about eighty Canadians, carried out to the letter his part of the plan of attack; but Major Brown failed to appear and Allen, the weakness of whose company was exposed by the glare of day, and hemmed in as he was by the St. Lawrence, so that a safe retreat was impossible, bravely fought a force much larger than his own, and finally (deserted by his Canadian allies) he and thirty of his men were captured, loaded with irons and sent to England.

His conduct in making this attempt was severely censured by General Washington, though the hardships of his captivity, under instigation of Brigadier General Prescott, of the British Army, were deplored and his condition relieved by Washington's appeal to General Howe. In Allen's account of his imprisonment he says that after his capture an Indian attempted his life, but that he swung the British officer, whose prisoner he was, around, using him as a target to receive the threatened shot. Allen's sense of humor is one of the most attractive characteristics and creeps in at the most unexpected moments to lighten the otherwise darkest pages in his history.

Ethan Allen was a prisoner from September 24, 1775, until May 3, 1778, when he was exchanged for a colonel, though not himself a regularly commissioned officer at the time of his capture.

The title page of his pamphlet containing the account of these two and a half years reads:

"Narrative of Colonel Ethan Allen's Captivity, containing his voyages and travels, interspersed with some political observations. Written by himself and now published for the information of the curious of all nations.

When God from chaos gave this world to be
Man then he form'd and form'd him to be free.—*Franeau.*"

Ethan Allen experienced every variety of treatment during his imprisonment, though much of it was severe and even brutal—very like that of Libby Prison. In England he was an object of curiosity, which I am afraid he rather enjoyed. Englishmen wished to see the man who took Ticonderoga. They also beheld with amazement the striking figure and eccentric manner of the pioneer colonel. As he was taken in a Canadian costume, consisting in part of a fawn-skin jacket and a red woolen cap, we cannot wonder that he created a sensation in conservative England.

But Ethan Allen was always and everywhere the “jolly good fellow.” He was not all soldier, though he had been fighting clergymen, lawyers, Yorkers, Britons, oppression in any and every form all his life long; he was a social man, fond of conviviality, able to tell a story well and abounding in playful banter and ready repartee. His jailers were often won by his bold or insinuating demands for clemency. He received valuable gifts from generous admirers, and was more than once relieved from terrible hardships by the efforts of friends whom his amiable qualities had made devoted even at the risk of personal danger. One Captain Smith was especially kind to Allen and treated him as a friend, though his prisoner in a British man-of-war. Allen said to him: “How glad I should be to be able some day to return some of the favors you show me daily.” Before the voyage was over Allen was invited to join in a mutiny to kill Captain Smith and make his escape. He was able to put an end to the base design without exposing the guilty, and so he did the captain a very considerable favor, though the recipient was unconscious that he owed his life to his favorite prisoner.

Allen was in captivity on board British vessels or at Halifax all of the year 1776, and on Long Island or in New York all of '77, his release occurring May 3 of the following year, just three years from the time of his preparation to seize Fort Ticonderoga.

Allen was entertained by General Washington at Valley Forge after his release. Washington wrote of him to Congress: “His fortitude and firmness seem to have placed him out of the reach of misfortune. There is an original some-

thing about him that commands admiration, and his long captivity and sufferings have only served to increase, if possible, his enthusiastic zeal. He appears very desirous of rendering his services to the States and of being employed, and at the same time he does not discover any ambition for high rank."

Allen traveled with General Gates to Fishkill, and says that Gates treated him with the generosity of a lord and the freedom of a boon companion. Allen was lionized all along the route, but received an ovation when he reached the border of the Vermont he had struggled so determinedly to preserve.

During his long absence his wife and family had removed to Sunderland, his only son had died, and his brother Levi had turned Tory. Burgoyne had swept along Vermont's western border, retaken Fort Ticonderoga from the vantage ground of Mt. Defiance, and then been captured at Saratoga. The Green Mountain Boys had distinguished themselves at Quebec, Montreal, Hubbardton, Bennington, Saratoga, and Ticonderoga.

In 1783 Allen married a second time a young widow of twenty-four, Mrs. Frances Wall Buchanan, who was twenty-two years younger than himself. She was the mother of two sons, who became officers in the United States Army, and a daughter who became a nun. This second wife was as high spirited as Allen himself. The day they were married he called upon her at Westminster unexpectedly, saying: "Fanny, if we are ever to be married, now is the time." She replied, being in a morning dress: "Very well, give me time to put on my josie." The couple passed into a third room, where the judges were smoking, and Allen said: "Judge Robinson, this young woman and myself have concluded to marry each other and have you perform the ceremony." "When?" asked the judge. "Now." "General, this is an important matter, and have you given it serious consideration?" "Certainly, but"—here the General glanced proudly at his handsome and accomplished bride, perhaps also conscious of his own mature, stalwart symmetry, "I do not think it requires much consideration in this particular case." The short ceremony over, soon the bride's guitar and trunk were in the sleigh and they were traveling merrily westward.

After Allen's release he took no active part in the war of the Revolution, as the campaign was then carried on in the South. In 1781 he resigned his brigadier-generalship of the Vermont militia, and, it is said, "resumed his philosophical studies," perhaps more accurately took to writing up his recent experiences.

He did not cease, however, his political activity. Vermont was not yet a State nor recognized as a separate commonwealth. The extensive pretensions and influence of the great Empire State, and the conflicting claims even of New Hampshire and Massachusetts, persistently kept Vermont out of the Union.

In 1780 and 1781 Allen carried on a correspondence with a British officer which has been very severely criticised, though the unprejudiced reviewer can only see in these negotiations diplomatic action. Allen certainly obtained a truce that preserved the frontier in peace while the bulk of the American forces were South. It may be that, wearied by delays and embittered by disappointment, he felt for one short hour that Vermont must have an independent existence at any cost. Even if he did write to General Haldemand, and this is not certain, "I shall do everything in my power to make this State a British province," these words cannot convict of Tory principles a man who complained legally against his brother Levi as secretly allied to the enemy, and they must in all probability have been used to preserve peace along the then poorly garrisoned borders. His brother Ira, staunchly loyal to Congress, is in any case as much involved as Ethan Allen. The whole affair was not hidden, and the conclusion of the matter is if Allen was at fault, it was only that to him Vermont was first, and the Union, which had scorned her admission, justly second.

Ethan Allen died February 21, 1789, two years before the desire of his heart was realized—two years before Vermont was admitted to the Union. Living in Burlington the last two years of his life, he drove for a load of hay across the lake to South Hero, and died of apoplexy on his way home, at the age of fifty-one years.

Such a death was not entirely commonplace nor unfitting

the hardy manhood of the hero of Fort Ticonderoga. After a youth of deprivations, a life of hard toil, bitter exposure, rugged victory and severe suffering, while on a homely errand, under a northern winter sky, with frozen stretches of the great lake he had done so much to preserve to the Colonies lying wide about him, death came as swift and relentless as his own execution of many daring deeds. Cheerful and resolute in all the vicissitudes of fortune, he was spared the shock of violent death or the weakening ordeal of the sick-bed.

Allen is buried on the banks of the Winooski at Burlington, where stands a shaft forty-two feet high, crowned with a portrait statue eight feet in height, from a design by Peter Stephenson. There are three other statues of the famous Vermonter—the first, by Mr. Kinney, of Sunderland, has never been sold (we might buy it); the other two, by L. G. Mead, adorn the State House at Montpelier and the Capitol at Washington.

Washington Irving says, in reviewing Allen's wild attack on Montreal:

"Partisan exploit had, in fact, inflated the vanity and bewildered the imagination of Allen, and unfitted him for regular warfare. Still his name will ever be a favorite one with his countrymen. Even his occasional rhodomontade will be tolerated with a good-humored smile, backed as it was by deeds of daring courage; and among the hardy pioneers of our Revolution, whose untutored valor gave the first earnests of its triumphs, will be remembered with honor the rough Green Mountain partisan who seized upon the 'Keys of Champlain.'"

Ethan Allen has been chosen as a typical Vermonter, not because he was as great a general as Seth Warner, nor statesman as several of his contemporaries, but because his strong nature threw itself with undaunted zeal into the cause of personal and national liberty, and because it seems not too much to say in his praise that without him Vermont might never have had an independent existence.

His methods were rash, his judgment hasty, his manners rude, his eloquence bombastic, his whole nature self-assertive; but despite these faults, underneath and through these peculiarities, one cannot fail to discover genius and originality,

nobility of thought and purpose, as well as courage and resolution, in his heroic deeds and as heroic sufferings, and in his unwavering devotion to what he considered the cause of liberty.

OUR NATIONAL PATRIOTIC HYMNS AND SONGS.

AFTER a few moments of reflection one is overwhelmed with the abundance of material from which to draw living examples. I say living, for no force is more alive than the songs—rallying cries of a nation.

We cannot claim much originality as to tunes for the first half of the century. Conditions were not favorable to musical compositions, for music, like art, comes into a nationality after it has had time to cultivate a leisure class.

To be more definite in statement, I wish to engage your attention for a little while in considering the patriotic songs of these United States of North America. Abroad one is compelled to locate the Americas, and the Republics definitely, to be understood, a practice it is well enough to begin now, so as to be ready for the Paris Exposition of 1900.

Songs, like books, are made from what others have wrought in days gone by. One cannot write a book without overhauling the hidden treasures of the greatest of libraries, as George Eliot is said to have consulted 20,000 volumes before she touched pen to that masterpiece of historical fiction, "Romola." Thus it is the good, old tunes are not allowed to fall into "innocuous desuetude."

The church draws upon the opera for some of its most effective sacred airs, and at least half the "Evangelical Hymns" are old songs masquerading in more serious theme. "Jesus Lover of My Soul" fits most admirably into the refrain "When the Swallows Homeward Fly." Therefore, I consider it no sin that our early song writers drew from antiquity or contemporary sources, since in every instance the words they substituted had the true ring of not only genius but a lofty patriotism.

Great events produce great men who seem to have been born to do the great deeds for which the world waited. The Crom-

wells, Washingtons, Napoleons, Nelsons, Decaturs, and Grants, the great captains Providence provides to fill exceptional emergencies; for men, like pieces on the chess-board, play games with nations, and pawns have been known to come out of their obscurity and do wonderful things, such as Webster and Lincoln did. During such crises the whole body of the people become charged, electrically, with the great themes that fill the atmosphere about them, and from out their ranks, some eventful day, emerges a new song writer who voices the pent up emotion all around him.

Every age and every country, our own not excepted, has produced its singers, men or women, during its climacteric periods. The great captains, the leaders of "charges" and battles, push to the front, but the rallying cries, the national airs, keep the courage of the rank and file at enthusiastic temperature, and should not be left out when summing up the things which led to success.

The songs of the first period of our national life are "Yankee Doodle," "Hail Columbia," "The Star Spangled Banner," "America," "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," and "The Girl I Left Behind Me," all stolen tunes, or "adapted" from other old songs, of other lands. The adaptation has given them new life, added dignity and grace to their thought, and incorporated them into our life, so that it would be hard indeed to make something original so good as to relegate them to the "obsolete."

"Yankee Doodle" was the first song we filched. It was used to ridicule our militia, but our sires took the joke calmly; but at the first opportunity they had used it as a rallying cry of "To arms" against old England. Its history goes back to Cromwell, and even to the vineyards in the south of France. Its American origin was due to one Dr. Shamburg, of the British Army, at Fort Ticonderoga, during the war between France and England. One writer on national songs, Helen Kendrick Johnson, says this tune of "Yankee Doodle" was originally sung on the uprising of Cromwell against Charles the First, and was sung derisively by the cavaliers when the great Commoner came riding into Oxford on a small scrubby

horse. But these old cavaliers in turn stole the tune from the French, which doubtless came over with the Norman conquest.

Our ancestors flocked to Ticonderoga at the call of Abercrombie—for all were loyal subjects then, though often tried almost beyond endurance. They came flocking in from the fields and workshops, each man armed and equipped differently from his neighbor, and the whole presented such an army as was never equalled unless by the celebrated regiment of Jack Fallstaff. Their outer appearance furnished no end of amusement to the well equipped and trained English regulars, and Dr. Shamburg reset the old tune that had been used to ridicule Cromwell, changing the verses to suit the new aspect of things.

But in less than one year after the Yankee "rebels" were using this derisive tune as a rallying cry, thus turning the tables on their (now) enemies.

Believe me, it had a new meaning, when to the shrill pipe and a wheezy drum, it called the "homespuns" to rally for their homes and firesides. There is a splendid picture of this scene in the Corcoran Art Gallery. An old man, with blousy, thin locks of gray hair, but head up, and face all afire with enthusiasm, steps off to the tune of "Yankee Doodle," while the small boy comes after with his rat, tat, tat, of drum throbbing through in a way that meant no good to those who first sung it on American soil. Truth, humor, and pathos got tangled up in that old tune in such a way many a man stepped to its chords from the battlefield into "glory," though no stone ever marked the place where he fell.

Shall I read it?

"Father and I went down to camp,
Along with Captain Goodwin,
And there we saw the men and boys,
As thick as hasty pudding.

Chorus—Yankee Doodle keep it up,
Yankee Doodle dandy;
Mind the music and the step,
And with the girls be handy.

"And there was Captain Washington,
Upon a slapping stallion.
A giving orders to his men,
I guess there was a million.—Cho.

"And then the feathers on his hat,
They looked so tarnal finey,
I wanted peskily to get
To give to my Jemima.—Cho.

"And there they had a swamping gun,
As big as a log of maple,
On a duced little cart,
A load for father's cattle.—Cho.

"And every time they fired it off
It took a horn of powder;
It made a noise like father's gun,
Only a nation louder.—Cho.

"I went as near to it myself
As Jacob's underpinin,
And father went as near again,
I th't the duce was in him.—Cho.

"It scared me so, I ran the streets,
Nor stopped as I remember,
Till I got home and safely locked
In granny's little chamber.—Cho.

"And there I see a little keg,
Its heads were made of leather;
They knocked upon it with little sticks
To call the folks together.—Cho.

"And then they'd fife away like fun
And play on corn-stalk fiddles;
And some had ribbons red as blood
All bound around their middles.—Cho.

"The troopers, too, would gallop up,
And fire right in our faces;
It scared me almost to death
To see them run such races.—Cho.

Uncle Sam came there to change
Some pancakes and some onions,
For lasses cake to carry home
To give his wife and young ones.—Cho.

"But I can't tell you half I see,
 They keep up such a smother:
 So I took off my hat, made a bow,
 And scampiered off to mother."—Cho.

Next in historical order comes the "Star Spangled Banner," by many persons considered the most inspiring of all our national airs. Its history is better known than that of some of the others, and is interwoven with the attack on Fort McHenry, which is located some two miles below the city and defends Baltimore Harbor.

On the 12th of September, 1814, a British squadron of sixteen ships drew up in line of battle in front of Forts McHenry and Covington. It is well authenticated traditional history that Francis Scott Key on the morning of the fateful day on which Fort McHenry was attacked boarded the vessel of the British commander under a flag of truce, to bring off a friend, but, as the battle was about to begin, the skiff was tied to the man-of-war, and he was detained an unwilling spectator of the attack upon the fort. His anxiety may well be imagined for the next twenty-four hours, for the battle raged until sunset of the next day. No wonder his susceptible imagination broke into a flame, and seizing a sheet of paper he wrote the most impassioned salute any flag ever received from a nation's patriotic son.

"On the shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
 Where the foes haughty host in dread silence reposes,
 What is that which the breeze o'er the towering steep,
 As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
 Now it catches the beam of the morning's first gleam
 In full glory reflected, now shines in the stream,
 'Tis the star spangled banner, oh long may it wave
 O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

Our victories on the seas during the last war with the mother country reflected great credit and glory to our commanders and seamen, and gave England her first lesson in our growing ability to cope with her on the water even better than on the land; our ships Constitution and Columbia taking the lead, being the first of our naval vessels built, one of which has just

reached her century birthday, and gone on the docks at Boston Harbor to be honored for what she has done, as a trophy of the past too sacred to be destroyed, because useless.

"Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," probably grew out of some stirring incident of naval action of that period, but I have been unable to trace it. But be sure there was some strong incentive for writing "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean."

"Columbia, the gem of the ocean,
The home of the brave and the free;
The shrine of each patriot's devotion,
A world offers homage to thee;
Thy mandates make heroes assemble;
When Liberty's form stands in view;
Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
When borne by the red, white and blue.

"Three cheers for the red, white and blue,
Three cheers for the red, white and blue,
Thy mandates make tyranny tremble,
When borne by the red, white and blue."

In historical sequence "Hail Columbia" became our first genuine national hymn, not because its author intended it for that purpose, but because he, under the inspiration of a grand theme, builded better than he knew.

Its author was a distinguished young lawyer of Philadelphia, Joseph Hopkinson, who wrote the hymn in reply to a request of a theatrical singer who wanted a patriotic song, to suit the political mood of the times, to "go" to the grand march composed for and used at General Washington's first inauguration as President of the United States, during the ceremonies in the City Hall in New York, a Mr. Philo or Phorbes, whose identity is assumed to be the same, being the composer of the march, which had a great popularity. Between 1789 and 1798 great changes had come to this country politically, as well as in other respects, but through it all the grand march held its own, for our country was placed in a delicate position towards both France and England, who were at war; and while a large class of our population felt we owed it to our ancient ally to stand beside her in this matter, President Washington advocated an attitude

of "strict neutrality" towards both belligerents, and it was to voice this popular feeling the song was wanted.

The song was written, but the poet's muse struck such a high key of patriotic feeling it appealed alike to those of opposite opinions, and had a great popularity with all classes, and its immortality was assured, it being sung night after night, and the people joining in the chorus with a will.

"Hail Columbia, happy land!
 Hail, ye heroes, heaven-born band:
 Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,
 Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,
 And when the storm of war was gone
 Enjoyed the peace your valor won;
 Let independence be our boast,
 Ever mindful what it cost,
 Ever grateful for the prize,
 Let the altar reach the skies.

Chorus—Firm, united let us be,
 Rallying round our liberty;
 As a band of brothers joined,
 Peace and safety shall we find.

"Immortal patriot, rise once more,
 Defend your rights, defend your shore;
 Let no rude foe with impious hand,
 Let no rude foe with impious hand,
 Invade the shrine where sacred lies
 Of toil and blood the well earned prize,
 While offering peace, sincere and just,
 In heaven we place our manly trust
 That truth and justice shall prevail,
 And every scheme of bondage fail."—Cho.

Our national hymn par excellence, "America," is a new and better setting of "God Save the King" (or queen as may be). The hymn as we sing it was written at a still later period by Samuel Smith, D. D., a Baptist clergyman, of Newton, Massachusetts.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, whose wit and wisdom touched all things in such apt phraseology, said of Mr. Smith in a happy little distick:

"And there's a fellow of excellent pith,
Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith;
But he shouted a song for the brave and the free,
Just read on his medal—'My Country, 'tis of thee.'"

He claimed the air was still older than "God Save the King," being adapted from the German. There is no comparison admissible, so superior is the sentiment engrafted on this old tune, which lends itself to the loftiest sentiment, and one wonders such a "sacred" tune—good enough to be sung on Sunday in any church—could ever have been, indeed still is, marred by such sentiment as

"Confound their politics,
Frustate their knavish tricks,
On thee our hopes we fix,
O save us all."

These words are supposed by musical collectors to apply to the restoration after the death of Cromwell. Who can question the superior elevation of the phrasing of our national hymn?

One authority claims that Henry Carey wrote both tune and words of "God Save the King" for James the II, and another (Clark) insists that Ben Johnson wrote the words. No matter who wrote it, it is now *our tune*, being happily married to our national hymn, and what God hath joined together let no man try to put asunder. All its other "unions" were but travesties upon the real union of sweet accord it now enjoys.

* * * * *

Having arrived at the second period of our hymnal history, our late "unpleasantness" between the North and South, I do not mean to make my selections from either side of Mason and Dixon's imaginary line, but gather sweets wherever I find them, regardless of dead issues, since we have all come to accept the doctrine, "United we stand," and the good songs on either side would be taken up and sung with a will, by either, in case of a war with Spain, or a "fracas" with our dear old mother England.

One of the first new songs to strike a popular chord in the North was "John Brown," which received a new baptism of divine fire when Julia Ward Howe wrote the "Battle Hymn

of the Republic," which "went" to the same tune, and made that immortal.

"Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord,
He is tramping out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored:
He hath loosed the fatal lightning of his terrible swift sword,

As his truth goes marching on.

Glory, glory, hallelujah!

Glory, glory, hallelujah!

His truth goes marching on,
His truth is marching on."

"I have seen him in the watch fires of a hundred circling camps,
They have builded him an altar in the evening dews and damps:
I can read his righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps:
His day is marching on.—Cho.

"I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel,
'As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal:
Let the hero born of woman crush the serpent with his heel.
Since God is marching on.—Cho.

"He hath sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment seat;
Oh, be swift my soul to answer him, be jubilant my feet;
Our God is marching on.—Cho.

"In the beauty of the lillies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me;
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free.
While God is marching on."—Cho.

"Dixie" was as popular, and somewhat akin to the first version of "John Brown's Body," being the most sung of any song on that side, and "Maryland, My Maryland," the most inspiring of their hymns. Indeed, this last has always impressed me as one of the finest national hymns in our language, both in music and theme.

"Marching Through Georgia" is surely a national tune; but the tune on which tired, discouraged men on both sides of Mason's and Dixon's Line, for aught I know, revived and took heart again was "The Girl I Left Behind Me." It is almost as good a tune to step to when fitted and timed by a throbbing drum as "Yankee Doodle," and since I do not imagine one per-

son in twenty now know just where the sentiment came in, in that air, I will quote. It is needless to say it was written by that popular song writer, Samuel Lover, of England.

"The hour was sad I left the maid,
A lingering farewell taking;
Her sighs and tears my steps delayed,
I thought her heart was breaking;
In hurried words her name I blest,
I breathed the vows that bind me,
And to my heart in anguish pressed
The girl I left behind me.

"Then to the East we bore away
To win a name in story,
And there, where dawns the sun of day,
There dawned our sun of glory:
Both blazed in noon on Almas' height,
Where in the post assigned me
I shared the glory of that fight,
Sweet girl I left behind me.

"Full many a name our banners bore,
Of former deeds of daring,
But they were of the days of yore
In which we had no sharing;
But now our laurels freshly won,
With old ones shall entwined be,
Still worthy of our sires each son,
Sweet girl I left behind me.

"The hope of final victory
Within my bosom burning,
Is mingling of sweet thoughts of thee
And of my returning;
And should I ne'er return again,
Still worth thy love thou'l find me,
Dishonors breath shall never stain
The breath I leave behind me."

Felicia Hemans "Pilgrim Fathers" is our national Thanksgiving hymn. Every American born child that ever took a course in a public school has had to both sing and recite

"The breaking waves dashed high,
On a stern and rock-bound coast."

And our grandmothers thought "The Death of Warren," one of our sacred songs, a true tribute to patriotism.

"Hail to the Chief" is a direct importation from Scotland, a rallying cry of the Highland clans, and the words are the "canoe song" in the *Lady of the Lake*. And yet our Presidents—God bless them every one, past, present, and to be—could not make a dignified entry into state drawing-rooms of the White House on official occasions stepping to any other tune. Yes, that is ours, too. A President of this Republic is a great deal bigger man in every way—however disappointing they may be to some who helped to put them there—than the grandest chieftain of them all when old Scotia was free and ruled each chief his own, fighting all his neighbors indiscriminately, "The Campbells are Coming," applied to men, and not to the desert chariot. Therefore, having adopted it, and devoted it to more dignified offices, it becomes our own. "We'll Rally Round the Flag, Boys," and "Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching," and "We are Coming, Father Abram, Three Hundred Thousand Strong," may not be sung so much as they were thirty years ago, but let some foreign power deign to put a foot on our soil for offensive purposes, then hear how our fifes and drums would, after the "long roll," go to beating out those good, old tunes, that were indigenous to the soil and are so purely American. Of course, new songs would be written, for we have developed so far materially the mental now keeps pace with all the rest of the world; but we should still hear the old songs so full of true patriotic fire, accompanied by the sentiment that gave them birth, and which can never die out while we maintain a reverence for the teachings of the fathers. Think you the Frenchman will ever be able to hear the "Marseilles" sung by the populace without responding emotion? Never! Much less shall we the "Star Spangled Banner" or "My country 'tis of thee, sweet land of liberty, I sing."

One of the most hopeful signs of the times is the universal interest taken in patriotic societies, in the studying of history, and the treasuring the memory of the humblest soldier who fought for liberty as our noblest possession; for, so long as enlightened patriotism is taught the young, and cherished as the palladium of our liberties, we shall have it in full measure.

NEW HAMPSHIRE IN THE EARLY DAYS.

THERE are many tragedies connected with the early history of America which should not be buried in oblivion. For many years after the landing of the Pilgrims on the wild New England shores their lives were not only a struggle with poverty and its attendant trials, but subject to constant and cruel assault from the Indians. There were persons whose history was a peculiar mixture of romance and reality, as the incidents I am about to relate will testify. The N. E. D. R. tells us that the patriarch of the Otis family, who came to America in 1635 (the private family genealogy says 1632) had two sons. The elder John, the younger Richard, whose thrilling history, with that of the family, will awaken the sympathy and slumbering patriotism of all who read it. Richard settled in Dover, New Hampshire. Few families in that State suffered more than did this family. They lived in constant peril and alarm. Their houses were fortified for defense against the red man, and during their acts of devotion they carried their firearms in their hands. The Indians, thirsting for vengeance on Major Waldron for his seizure of their brethren, thirteen years before, determined to surprise the people of Dover. In that portion of the township which lies about the first falls in the river Cocheco were several garrisoned houses. The three on the north side were Richard Waldron's, Richard Otis', and John Heard's—Waldron's on the west side of the road above the falls, Otis' on the east side, half way up to Garrison Hill, and Heard's on top of the hill. These garrisoned houses were surrounded with timber walls, and the gates, as well as the doors, were secured with bolts and bars. The neighboring families resorted to these houses at night for safety. The Indians professing peace, sent two of the squaws to each house to ask lodging for the night, with the intention of opening the doors after the inmates were asleep, and giving the signal by a whistle to the savages to rush in. The strategem succeeded. On the night of the 27th of June, 1689, the families retired to rest. When all was quiet the doors and gates were opened and signal given. The Indians rushed into Major Waldron's house first,

and though eighty years of age, he with his sword kept them at bay until stunned by a hatchet. They then cut him in pieces and set the house on fire. Otis' garrison met the same fate. He was shot down while rising up in bed, and his son Stephen and little daughter Hannah were killed, the latter only two years old, by dashing her head against the chamber stairs. His wife and infant child, only three months old, with the children of his son Stephen, and others, twenty-nine in number, were taken prisoners and carried captives to Canada. Three young daughters by his first wife (who was the daughter of Anthony Stoughton, brother of Nicholas Stoughton Bart), were taken prisoners, but were recaptured. It was the custom of the Indians to divide their prisoners into small companies and take them different routes. Heard's garrison was saved by Elder William Wentworth. He was awakened by the barking of a dog, just as the Indians were entering. He pushed them out, and falling on his back, set his feet against the gate and held it until he had alarmed the people. Two balls were fired through the gate, but missed him. The above account is as given in the Historical Register. We can realize but little of the cruelties of the savage Indians in that early day of the settlement of our country, when they were filled with resentment toward the whites for taking their land and disturbing their peace. Nor can we, even in imagination, follow that young mother, the captive wife of Richard Otis, while on that long, dreary march. Deprived of the protection and mourning for the companionship of her husband, whom she could never see again, and whose loved form she could not even follow to its last rude burial place, and having fresh in her mind the scene of the dear little frightened child in the hands of the cruel Indian as he dashed her against the stairway, mercifully killing her instantly, and not knowing what her own, or the fate of her dear little babe would be, surely bitterness and sorrow must have taken possession of her soul. We read that after their arrival in Canada they were sold to the French. The French priests took the little three-month-old baby away from its young mother, who was only about twenty-four years of age, baptized her by the name of Christine (see Dr. Belknap, vol. 1, p. 25), and educated her in the Romish faith. She was

placed in a convent, where she remained many years, but would not consent to take the veil. When about sixteen years of age she married a Frenchman, whose name, according to the Brookfield, Massachusetts, Record, was La Beau, by whom she had three children. After the death of her husband her desire to see the land of her birth became so strong that upon an exchange of prisoners in 1714 she left her children, who were not permitted to accompany her, and returned to New Hampshire, where she adjured the Romish faith. M. Siguenot, her former confessor, wrote her a flattering letter, and repeated the gross calumnies which had formerly been vented against Luther and other reformers. To this letter Governor Burnet wrote her a sensible and masterly answer, refuting the arguments and pointing out the falsehoods it contained. Both letters, translated from the French, were printed, and both placed in the Boston Athenaeum. The priest was very much exasperated at her waywardness in leaving Canada, as well as his lack of influence with her. Christine's mother, who was still living, also opposed her leaving Canada, which was not surprising when we think of the tragedies connected with her own life of privation, toil, and suffering while in New England. She said to her: You know nothing about making bread and butter, and managing, like New England people, having been brought up in the city of Montreal, where these things are prepared for the table before sold. But Christine would not be persuaded. The officers appointed to go to Canada to effect the exchange of prisoners were Colonel Stodard and Captain Thomas Baker, his assistant, who after his own escape from captivity was three times sent to Canada to redeem prisoners. The Journal of Colonel Stodard was full of incidents connected with Madam La Beau, who must have been a very sprightly, attractive woman. She made an unsuccessful effort to get her children. From the Brookfield Records of lands we take the following: "December 9, 1714.—Then granted to Margaret (supposed to have been her Dover name) Otis, alias La Beau, one that was prisoner in Canada, and lately come from thence, forty acres of upland in Brookfield and twenty acres of meadow, provided she returns not again to live in Canada, but tarries in this province or territory, and marries Captain

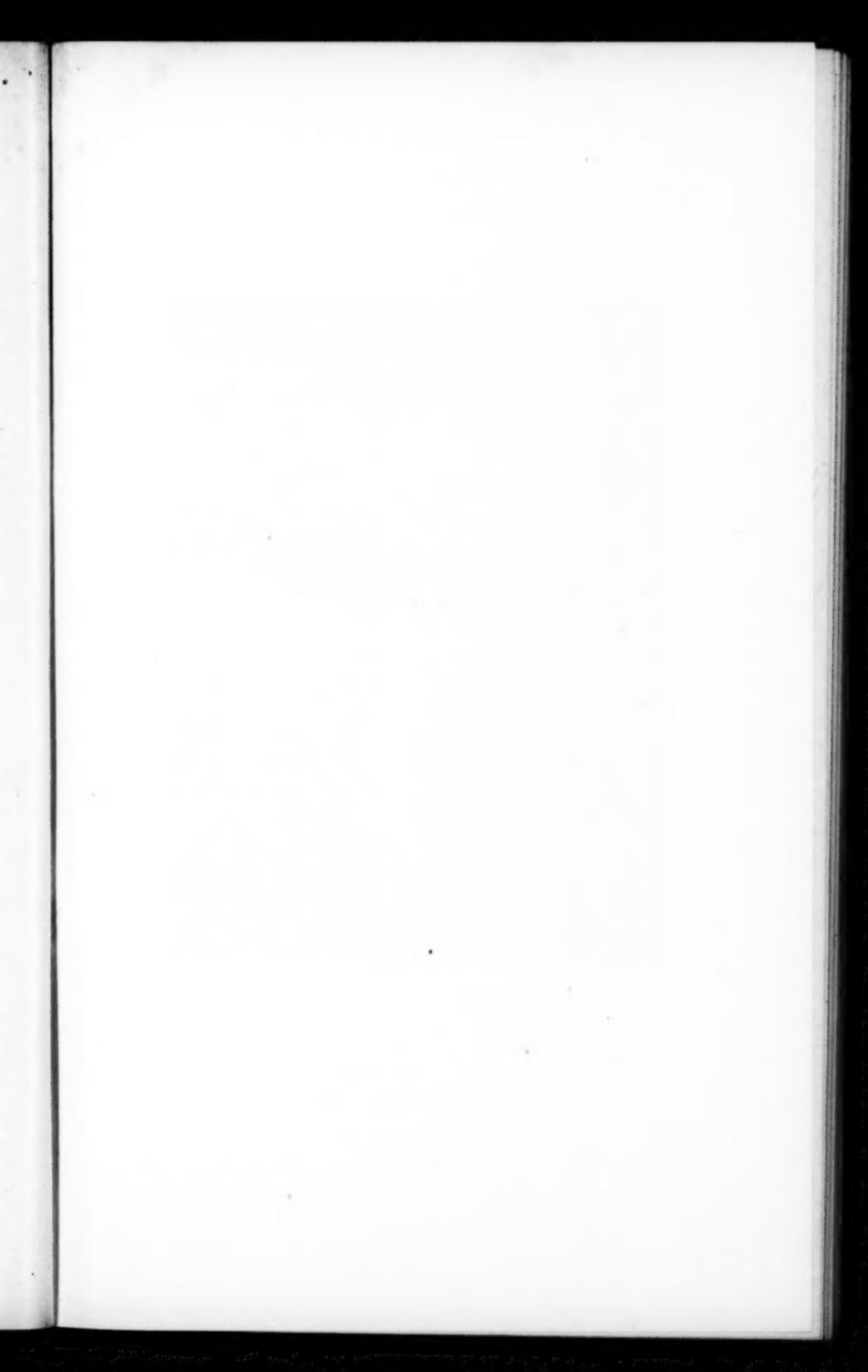
Thomas Baker." From this Record we take for granted that the traditional match-maker was not an unknown personage at the time of the first landing of our pilgrim fathers and mothers upon the American shores. Christine married Captain Thomas Baker, and lived for a time in Northampton. He was of an adventurous character, and had no fixed residence until the consummation of his romantic affair with Christine Otis. He was among the prisoners who were taken at the destruction of the town of Deerfield, February, 1703-4, and carried to Canada. He, with others, succeeded in escaping, but were overtaken, and would have been burned at the stake had not some of the French interceded in their behalf. A second attempt proved successful, although they suffered everything but death itself. Their march was long and dreary. They were entirely without provisions, and on the point of giving up, when in answer to a prayer for deliverance a large bird, such as they had never seen before, fell before them. They instantly seized, tore it to pieces and without cooking ate it. He had several other escapes quite as thrilling as the above. After his marriage they remained a few years at Northampton, then settled in Brookfield, where they continued to reside until 1732. He then, having become old, and wishing to retire, sold his possessions to a Colonel Sheldon, a speculator, who failed before paying for his land. Captain Baker died at Roxbury of the lethargy, when on a visit to some cousins, about the year 1753. Mrs. Baker (Christine), again a widow, well along in years, with a family to support, her property all gone, petitioned Belcher Esquire, Governor and Commander-in-Chief of New Hampshire, for the privilege of opening a house of entertainment in Dover, which was granted, and kept acceptably. The length of this interesting petition prevents my copying it for publication. She died February 23, 1773, and her obituary notice is to be found in the Boston *Evening Post* of March 15, 1773. There are many other things connected with her life and that of Colonel Baker which are most interesting. Seldom do we find more romance woven through a person's life, connected with such reverses of fortune, and wonderful strength of character as in the life of this remarkable woman. Taken from her mother's arms, when three months

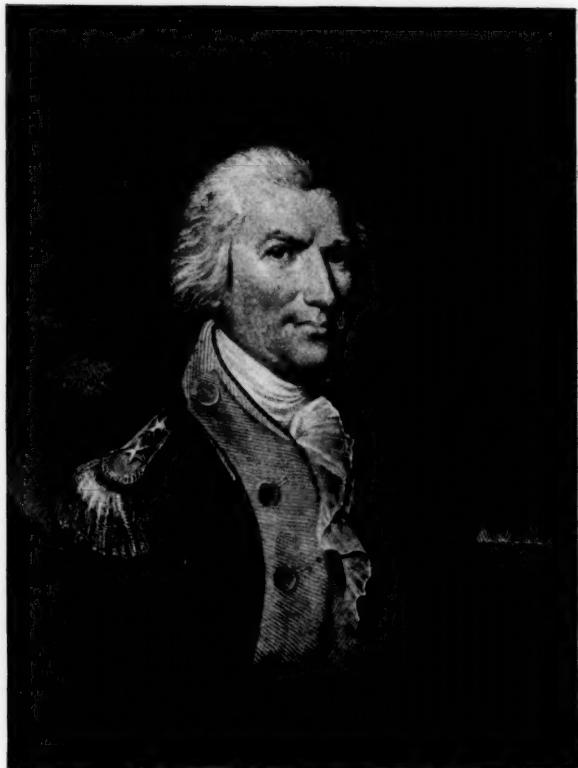
old, adopted and educated by the French priests, who speak of her as being a true Christian and good Catholic. Colonel Stodard says in his Journal, previously mentioned, that we brought her home, with other persons, in a ship to Boston, but not without great opposition from the priests. She says, in her petition, and with great difficulty, obtained permission to return, leaving all her substance and her children, for by no means could she obtain leave for them. Freedom was her birthright, and she could not be persuaded to barter it away. Her son, Colonel Otis Baker, became a very useful and distinguished man. He was a member of the Provincial House of Representatives at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, 1768-70-72-73, also 1775, when the Provincial Government was abandoned. He was chosen a representative to the Revolutionary Legislature at Exeter, which resolved itself into an independent State. He was a commissioned officer of the Second Regiment of militia of said Province of Dover. Other children of Christine Otis Baker also became prominent in the history of their State. Much of this has been copied, and all facts are well authenticated. After all of our reading one can have but little idea how dearly our comforts and privileges were bought by our ancestors, and we, the daughters of such brave men and women, will not be loyal, or true to their memories, to our country or ourselves if we do not, in every possible way, work to perpetuate the principles and liberties which they so dearly bought for us.

HANNAH OTIS STAPLES.

1776-1896.

BACKWARD look with me through sire and grandsire
Unto a house of square hewn logs, set in an upland clearing;
Hedged round by mighty forests where the
Indian's footstep lingered still—
While he on whom the line was founded,
But just returned from battlefields and victories,
Lays up his soldier's musket on the rack,
Above the wide mouthed fireplace,
And at rest, in this, his peaceful home—
His faithful friend and comrade near—
Recounts to listening sons and daughters,
The story of Our Country's hard-won freedom.





MAJOR GENERAL ARTHUR ST. CLAIR

A. St. C. Clair

Backward look with me through one unbroken chain of firesides
Unto this day of glory—
When the eagle still sailed through the far blue depths—
When bounding deer and panther claimed their right to roam at will—
Squirrels chattered on the dooryard fence,
And quail and pheasant fled to cover—
When through forest, field and sky,
Nature spoke to man and bade him,
Live in virtuous freedom, or fight and die for Liberty.

Then look with me upon this hour
When lust of gold and power,
Has thrust the liberties so hardly bought in blood and toil,
Upon the open market-space, for sale unto the highest bidder.
And while the shameless traffic in the People's rights
Is by the People made,
Behold high revelry, in feasting, pride and mad extravagance,
Alien and stranger and degenerate son ride high the rolling wave
Of our prosperity.
And we, in whose hot blood there beats the loyal pride of 1776,
Flush red for shame for our beloved Country!

But hark! bend down your ear unto the vibrant earth,
And hear the murmur of the coming storm!
There lives within the land a spirit, bequeathed from heroes—
Latent in peace, but rising like an overwhelming flood when
Danger threatens—
A spirit that breeds in time of trouble strength and wisdom.
And then, like Gideon, from the poorest in Mannassah,
God raises up such men as Grant and Lincoln!
O hark you! yet again, for this,
His chosen land, He keeps His chosen leaders.

RACHEL LITTELL.

LOUISA ST. CLAIR.

[Read at the fifth anniversary of the Louisa St. Clair Chapter, Detroit, Michigan, by Mrs. Emory Wendell, Historian.]

Madam Regent and Ladies: As the report of our Secretary includes everything in the way of history that has happened since our last annual meeting I will take this opportunity to answer a few of the questions that are continually asked me regarding our patron saint, Louisa St. Clair. These questions are asked not only by members of our Society, but by many

outside of it. The outsiders generally preface their questions by saying: "What a beautiful name, but why was it given to the Detroit Chapter?" "Who was Louisa St. Clair?" "Was she a Michigan girl?" "Were her ancestors English?" "What do you know of her life and history?" "Did she ever marry, or was her married name St. Clair?" "Did she leave any children?" "Have you any portrait of her?" finally, "Were the Lake and River St. Clair named for her?"

Being very proud of our Chapter and its name, and rather ashamed of my ignorance on the subject, I determined to investigate the matter, but found myself in the predicament of the man who, having become proud of himself, was imbued with the idea that he had descended from somebody of somewhere. So, being genealogically afflicted, nothing would do but he must climb the family tree. Everything went well until he had catalogued three generations, when, as ill-luck would have it, he came across a grandfather who, for some occult reason, had married five times. This ancestral Bluebeard had had children by each wife, but either through the fault of the doctor or the parish clerk there was no mention as to which spouse was responsible for the child the searcher was descended from. Consequently our friend was in the strange predicament of being the descendant of five great-great-great-grandmothers by one great-great-great-grandfather. Now it is certain that no self-respecting man could silently submit to being the offspring of such an impossible combination, so our friend cast about him to get out of the quandary in a strictly proper and self-satisfactory manner. At last he decided to visit the church-yard where the five good dames were buried, and after being blindfolded to walk about until he fell over one of the head-stones. The one whose grave he stumbles over was to be accorded the honor of being his ancestress. He wanders about until he falls over a donkey. But that has nothing to do with my story except as a small help to illustrate the difficulties and discouragements which attend the steps of him who treads the musty, dusty highways and by-ways of genealogical research.

It is harrowing even to think of the family Bibles that have been dragged to the light for long-needed dusting, and the

copying from the yellow pages, and the still more weary journeys to and from the public library, the corresponding with relatives in the East where landmarks are so thick that the patriotic women can celebrate every day in the year, and when, finally, some far-away and half-forgotten cousin, who has gone over the ground before you, sends you a neat little roll of manuscript most exquisitely written, or it may be typewritten, and you find your long-searched-for list, complete, as you think, in every date of birth, marriage, and death, with what a sigh of relief you fill up those application blanks and send them on their way rejoicing. Ten to one they come back, marked "for correction," and you find in accordance with the dates of that dainty, but alas! carelessly compiled roll of manuscript that one of your grandmothers died a hundred years before she was born. Or, more humiliating and heartrending still, is it after wearing for six or eight months upon your proudly throbbing breast the badge of the "yellow and the blue" to be brought face to face with an officially sealed document which tells you that some prying, meddlesome woman, assigned to that delightful duty, has discovered among the musty archives at headquarters that you are wearing that badge unlawfully; that the fighting, bleeding, dying (possibly scalped) ancestors, whom you have in your imagination seen falling at the side of King Philip himself, was after all not your many times great-grandfather, but a far away uncle!

But, to return to our subject. In my research into the pedigree of the St. Clair family I did not stumble over a donkey, as you will see. As to the first two or three of the foregoing questions, it seems superfluous in me to add anything to Miss Hendrie's charming paper on the subject. But it is since that paper was written that I have learned quite a little about Louisa St. Clair's family which I am sure will be of interest to you. Most of you have heard Miss Hendrie's paper, and how that Louisa St. Clair was one of the pioneer women of the Northwest, and the daughter of the brave but unfortunate Major General Arthur St. Clair, an officer of the Revolution who enjoyed the confidence and friendship of Washington, and was made Governor of the Northwest Territory in 1778. It

will bring Louisa nearer to you perhaps to know that she, with two members of our own Chapter, claim the same ancestor. James Bowdoin, the ancestor in question, was born in France in 1676, when Louis the XIV was at the height of his grandeur. In 1685, when Louis XIV procured the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, more than four hundred thousand of the best citizens of France were driven beyond her territory, and among them was the Bowdoin family. They first fled to Ireland, and afterward to Casco Bay, on the coast of Maine, where they narrowly escaped from the tomahawks of the savages. The family finally settled in Boston in 1690, when the subject of this sketch was in his fifteenth year.

The recent accession of William and Mary to the throne of Great Britain had begun the prosperous career of that empire on the broad ocean of constitutional liberty. Her colonies shared her prosperity, and young Bowdoin, spared from the religious frenzy in France, the tomahawks of the savages, and the fire which consumed their first home in Casco Bay, was enabled in fifty years to amass a fortune of more than six hundred thousand pounds, a fortune at that time quite unprecedented in America. The highest honors of the Province were bestowed upon him. He was overseer of the poor, justice of the quorum, and member of the King's Council. He was married in 1706; his daughter Mary married Belthaser Bayard; their daughter Phoebe married Major Arthur St. Clair, the father of our own Louisa.

James Bowdoin, in 1714, married for his second wife Hannah Pordage, a descendant for several generations of Pilgrim and Puritan families. The first daughter of this marriage, half French and half New England, in her sixteenth year became the wife of Mr. James Pitts. Their descendants, Mrs. Henry M. Duffield and Miss Helen Pitts, are members of our Chapter.

The question, "What do you know of her life and history?" is best answered by telling you of a little romance in her life. On the reorganization of a government for the Northwest Territory, which comprised all the American possessions west of the Alleghenies, General St. Clair was appointed Governor, and a number of the most popular officers of the Revolution were given important positions. These pioneers, including

General St. Clair and his spirited daughter, crossed the mountains of Pennsylvania on horseback, and settled on one of the picturesque bends of the Ohio River. Here they founded Marietta, so called after the lovely and ill-fated Marie Antoinette of France, the fast friend of the patriots in their struggle for liberty.

Louisa received much attention from the officers. One who had been most particularly devoted and who was her father's choice, was Colonel John Francis Hamtramek; but she refused all offers of marriage, and frequently said that her heart's desire was to be the wife of some noble warrior. She cultivated all the Indian sports, became an expert with the rifle, and one of the most daring horse-women in the country. Undaunted by the fate of Miss McCree, whose story every mother repeated to her child, she would make long excursions into the forest, returning with game and new specimens of flowers and medicinal plants.

Not long after they were settled in their new home on the Ohio it was announced that the dreaded chief, Thay-en-da-ne-gea (the Indian name for Joseph Brandt), had camped in the vicinity with a band of his most noted warriors. General St. Clair, anxious to cultivate so powerful a foe and secure his friendship, contemplated sending him an ambassador. The mission was a perilous and delicate one, and required more than ordinary skill and diplomacy. An envoy possessing these talents was not easily found, so the Governor was obliged to content himself with a written request for an interview.

When a young girl in school at Philadelphia, Louisa had met Joseph Brandt, who was then a student in college, where the young Indian had been much sought after. His birth, his influence with his tribe, his stately and graceful form had made him even then a conspicuous figure, and it is not to be wondered at that he became the hero of many a girlish heart.

Hearing the matter of requesting an interview with Brandt discussed she learned who the messenger was to be, and, by some womanly art, she possessed herself of the note her father had written. She disguised herself as an Indian girl, slung her trusty rifle on her shoulder, and by the aid of her fleet horse was soon in the presence of the chieftain. Brandt was startled

by the fair apparition. He admired her courage and daring, and was flattered by her remembrance of him.

"Noble warrior," she said, "I have risked my life to obtain this interview. You must send some of your braves to accompany me back to my father."

The chieftain replied: "It is fitting that I alone should guard so courageous a maiden," and with a few of his warriors he accompanied her home, and the Governor had the interview he desired. Owing to some disagreement a satisfactory treaty was not made. The Governor censured his daughter for what he considered a foolish escapade, but his anger knew no bounds when, shortly afterward, Brandt asked him for Louisa's hand, which was haughtily refused. He would never consent to her marriage with an Indian.

Shortly afterward the embers of war were rekindled, and Governor St. Clair, attacked by the combined savages of the West, met with a disastrous failure and defeat. In the battle Brandt took a prominent part. So anxious was he to capture Governor St. Clair that he gave orders to shoot the horse from under him, but not to kill him. He hoped that by sparing his life and making him sensible of his generosity he could gain his suit and win Louisa. But St. Clair was not captured, and Louisa was forever lost to Joseph Brandt. She afterward married Lieutenant Robb, of the Revolutionary Army.

Were the Lake and River St. Clair named for her?

During the long winter months of 1678-9 there might have been witnessed on the banks of the Niagara River, some five miles above the Falls, an undertaking new and unheard of in that locality. It was the building of the first sailing vessel that ever navigated Lake Erie and the upper lakes, and the pioneer of the vast fleet that now plows these waters.

Through the dreary winter a little band of French explorers toiled. Although their food was at times only parched corn, and they had to depend to a great extent upon the uncertain supplies of fish and game furnished by the Indians, their courage and energy were kept alive by the enthusiasm aroused by glorious pictures of new discoveries to be made in the far West, and the great honors and fortunes all were to acquire. On August 7, 1679, they sailed away upon the unknown wa-

ters. On the 10th they reached Groose Isle and passed on through the strait, now called the Detroit River, and by the present site of our city, to a beautiful lake, where they fell on their knees and thanked heaven for the prosperous voyage. As they arose from their devotions Father Louis Hennepin addressed to them a short discourse, and concluded by saying: "This is the feast of St. Clair. Let us commemorate it by bestowing her name upon this beautiful sheet of water. I hereby solemnly baptize it Lake St. Clair, by which name it will henceforth be known."

As this all happened just one hundred years before Louisa St. Clair was heard of in this part of the country, it answers the last question. As to a portrait of Louisa, I learn that a silhouette of her was in existence in 1829, and I may before another annual meeting be able to get a copy of it; also to tell you if she left any children.

I have in my book portraits of the French ancestor, James Bowdoin; of Major General Arthur St. Clair; also of Mr. James Pitts and his wife, Elizabeth Bowdoin Pitts. All of which you are quite welcome to look at if you choose.

WILL ALLEN DROMGOOLE BEFORE WATAUGA CHAPTER, TENNESSEE CENTENNIAL.

Ladies and Gentlemen: I am not a Daughter of the American Revolution. Somewhere with the dust of Old Virginia is mingled the dust of my grandfather, who once took up arms and fought in the great cause of American liberty. I am here solely upon his merit, for I do not flatter myself for one moment that I can tell you anything that you do not know a great deal better than I know it, or that you cannot tell it in a manner much more pleasing. I am here solely upon the merits of my grandfather, and I find myself wondering what he would think if he should peep into this assembly to-day and see what a small atom of humanity is attempting to fit her feet to his shoes. His was the brave old Danish blood; and I am proud that it runs in my veins and gives me courage to respond to the call of the beautiful women of Memphis who have summoned me to their

convocation; for you must know that the women of Memphis cannot call at a time when I am not ready to respond. Their theatres and assembly rooms have ever been open to me. They have ever given me a warm and gracious welcome, and I am as proud to do homage to them to-day as I am to make my bow to the shades of my Virginian ancestors. So when these good women wrote me they were going to transplant a tree from the valley of the Watauga to the crest of Capitol Hill, and were going to drop into it a handful of dust from the graves of their sires, and asked me to join them, why I got so full of enthusiasm that I wrote on to Brunswick, Virginia, and had some one send me a handful of the dust from the old grave on the old plantation, and if you don't believe me that that little handful of clay has inspired my heart and loosened my tongue then you don't know anything about me.

That is a poor tongue that is not ready to speak for the land of one's nativity. So I am ready to speak my word for the land that I love, the cradle of my infancy, the battlefield of my womanhood—Tennessee. Though in coming upon the program of the Daughters of the Revolution, I am going to acknowledge at the beginning that I remind myself very much of a young man that I saw on the train one morning last June. It was during the great reunion of the old Confederate soldiers, and the young man was bountifully decorated in badges entitling him to the courtesies of the occasion. He had on board, too, just whisky enough to tell everything he knew. And the first thing that he did tell was that the badges were borrowed, and he told it first to the conductor of the train.

"Ain't you a veteran?" demanded the conductor.

"Naw, I ain't no veteran," said the passenger.

"Are you the son of a veteran?"

"Naw, I ain't no son of a veteran, neither."

"Then," said the official, "what are you doing with that badge on, and who are you if you're neither a veteran nor the son of a veteran?"

"I'm just the son of a gun," was the reply, "an' traveling on a borrowed ticket."

And so I feel myself to-day; just "the son of a gun," traveling on a borrowed passport.

I am not a Daughter of the Revolution, and I have accepted the invitation to join them to-day because I am a Tennessean. I am the link to unite the Valley of the Watauga with the cotton fields of the Mississippi. But before beginning I am going to tell you a story. This may be wandering from my text, but I have not come to my text yet, so I shall tell my story. Moreover, the ladies said I was to talk precisely as I chose, so I shall tell my story.

Near my cabin in the Tennessee foothills there is a little negro settlement that glories in the name of Asia. Once a year the tribes of Ham go down to worship there. That is, they have a great foot-washing. I often attend those meetings, and shall tell you frankly at the outset that my escort is my washerwoman, and that I am the only white thing there except an occasional white mule. I carry my camera along, but I must say I get but little good of it, since my escort cautions me at starting that I "better tend like it's yer lunch, honey, or jest a settin' o' hen aigs, case dey all might not like it." Last year while at the great meeting at Asia there sat near me an old negro, a man who had great reputation both as a sinner and as shouter. It was he who had started the shouting and otherwise worked up the zeal of the brethren at all the meetings for many a year. But now he was getting old, and the burden of Asia was becoming too heavy. At this meeting the penitents were few and the feeling rather cool.

Suddenly, in the midst of the hymn singing, the minister walked down the aisle and whispered in the ear of the old sinner. He replied, "Naw, I ain't goin' up dar terday. I'se tired."

"You mus', honey."

Still he refused.

"Naw, brudder," he said, "I's gittin' old. I don't feel like shout'n. En den I ain't gwine ac' de fool no longer an' hab de folks thinkin' I's de bigges' sinner in dis here country. I's done."

"Naw," said the preacher, "you ain't done. You needn't mind 'bout shoutin' much. You jest come on an' let de folks see whar you stan'."

And so, ladies and gentlemen, I come to you, not to do any

great talking, not to seek to win your hearts by the powers of oratory, but merely to show the united world, if they care to know it, where I stand. And I stand, ladies and gentlemen, four feet and ten inches for Tennessee. For Tennessee. And for you, ladies and gentlemen from a distance, I predict that you, too, having come to our land of gray crags and green valleys, of sunlight and of song, will hie you back to your Northern homes and take up your pens and—

From out the mystic mountain brakes
The river's winding mazes,
To where his thirst the red deer slakes,
You'll sing the sweetest praises.
You'll write with all you know of art,
And noting every tree and flower,
Enraptured grow and lend your heart
To give our Southland greater dower.

You'll see the glorious grandeur in
The glistening granite cliffs near God;
The narrow peaks that slip within
The stars, and mid the cloudlands nod.
The moss and lichen clinging fond
The tawny broomsedge and the clover,
Through Walden's ridge to Maple pond,
The glens and gorges spreading over.

With poet's pen you'll try to pin
Upon your heart: Oh lotus land;
You'll tell the story o'er again,
And touch it with a magic hand.
The maple, firs and mountain snow,
The blue-eyed morning glories,
The laurel blooms in coves below,
You'll tell about in stories.

The brilliant sumach-furze and whin,
That line the ledges roundabout,
And hide the stealthy stiller's bin;
The baying hounds, the hunters' shout,
The sighing winds, through whispering pines,
So wierd and low and tender,
The scarlet blossomed trumpet vines,
The golden rod's rich splendor.

The ghosts that keep uncanny din
When twilight shrouds the mountain fair,
When mother's broods are gathered in
And little children kneel in prayer.
You'll write of stalwart hillsidemen,
And pink-cheeked mountain maiden;
You'll make your partial, loving pen,
Write promised land and Aiden.

You'll lend the theme a magic art,
You'll set your fancy free;
You'll write the worship of your God
And call it Tennessee.

Ladies and gentlemen, I am not a Daughter of the American Revolution, but I thank God I am an American woman. I thank Him that I am a woman of Tennessee, and above all I thank Him that I am a woman of the South, the land that knows how to love and to cherish, to feel and to foster, to revenge a wrong and to reward a service, and to offer a seat to a woman in a crowded street car. I thank Him for the beautiful valley of Stone River, where I was born; I thank Him for the streams that murmured adown the years of my childhood and taught me music of their ways; I thank Him for the mountains, cloud-capped and cedar-crowned, that looked down upon the struggles of my young womanhood; I thank Him for the far-a-way valley of the Watauga, nourished by silver streams and cradled by the everlasting hills; I thank Him for the heroic women of Memphis who clothed with poetry and crowned with love the memory of those old heroes who made the valley immortal. Heroic Daughters of the Revolution, these are they who are fast healing the wounds of the Nation. I am proud to be numbered among them to-day, for while it was not ours to light the torch of liberty, thanks be to God we may snuff the wick and keep the old blaze going.

And now, ladies and gentlemen, if you please, I am ready to come back to my text. "Blazing the Way to Statehood." I fancy I can see you grow restless under the pretentious title. But let me tell you at the beginning that I am not going to tax your patience. I know as well as you that the subject has been so ably handled by that distinguished gentleman and orator, the Hon. Don Dickinson, and later by the Hon. John Alli-

son, that for me to attempt to follow in their footsteps would be like lighting a button lamp at the torch of liberty. I fear you would thank me indeed for passing over this part of my address entirely. But if I were to do that the women of the audience, I feel sure, would not forgive me. For as our forefathers blazed the way to our Statehood, so our women are blazing the way to a new glory. For you must know that it is a great day for the women of the world. It is a great day for the women of the South. Already they are awakening to the great questions of the day. Moreover, when I wrote the Regent of this Chapter asking to be excused from speaking, solely upon the ground that the gentlemen speakers had worn the subject to frazzles, the reply came, "No; give us the frazzles."

It was the working-girl who first sounded the call to arms, the starving child of the once rich. A few years ago the great American genius took his soul into a kind of close communion and gave to the world the telephone. "Ah!" said the world, "another opening for the young women of the country!" God bless Edison! When the typewriter made its bow to the public the welcome was the same—another chance for the poor girl. When the Southern woman went behind the counter nobody objected. But when the spirit of God breathed upon the soul of the woman and she discovered that she possessed a brain and talents that might answer to the larger name of genius, what a mighty furor it raised, to be sure. So, if you please, I shall not pass over the part of my address relating to the framing of our Constitution lest the men go away and say the women know nothing about it. We may not know much, but what we do know we propose to tell.

My subject takes me back to the beginning, because we do not blaze the way through a well-worn highway, but through an untried wilderness. The beginning then means the oppressions of the mother country, or as one historian has called her, the "wicked old stepmother." We knew, because experience has taught us, that oppression is the mother of revolution. We know because history has taught us that England oppressed America. We know that until the peace of Paris, in 1763, loyalty and attachment to Great Britain were in no smallest sense impaired. After eight years of hardship, struggle, and of sac-

rifice upon the part of the young Colonists, France relinquished forever her dominions in America. Then the suffering, but still determined, Colonies began to look forward at last to peace, to a season of quiet and of safety under the roof trees for which they had bled and suffered. But the hope was of short duration, for no sooner had the possession of France been ceded to Britain, and there being no longer any fear of her power on this hemisphere, the great tyrant proceeded promptly and emphatically to set her foot upon the neck of the new country that was growing too fast, too prosperous, and too independent to suit the royal robber which to-day we boastingly call the "mother country."

We remember and do honor to-day to those names made glorious then in the struggle for freedom and the effort to throw off the foot of the tyrant. Names that were lighted in the great blaze of liberty; that light that was to shine on down the ages and illumine the pages of all history forever.

And first among those illustrious ones comes the name of him who sounded first the cry to arms, the immortal Patrick Henry. We are proud that among the Daughters of the Revolution is enrolled the name of his granddaughter. We are proud of Daniel Boone, and are sorry that sometimes we allow his large glories to be overshadowed in the fact that he "cilled a ba'r." Sometimes I can fancy that when this grand old hemisphere shall have reached the summit of fulness of its perfection, and the tide of time sweeps out into the great ocean of eternity, that somehow, somewhere, we shall hear the roll call of those magic names, whose deeds swell history's pages and time's great volume make. And sweet and clear as the bells of evening shall sound down the aisles of space these names of our immortal sires: Ethan Allen, William Alexander, John Cadwalader, James and George Clinton, Thomas Conway, William Davidson, William Richardson Davis, Henry Dearborn, Evan Edwards, Christopher Gadsden, Horatio Gates, Nathaniel Green, Nathan Hale, Alexander Hamilton, Isaac Hayne, William Heath, John Eager Howard, Peter Horry, John James, Henry Knox, Benjamin Lincoln, John Laurens, Charles Lee, Henry Lee, Francis Marion, Hugh Mercer, Daniel Morgan, Thomas Mifflin, Richard Montgomery, William Moultrie,

Israel Putnam, Joseph Reed, Philip Schuyler, John Stark, Arthur St. Clair, John Sullivan, Seth Warner, Joseph Warren, Peleg Wadsworth, William Washington, George Washington, Anthony Wayne, Otho H. Williams, John Paul Jones, John Barry, Nicholas Biddle, and Edward Preble, Count Steuben, Pulaski, DeKalb, Lafayette, and Kosciusko.

You will observe that in this roll call of the officers of the Revolution I have omitted one. It is not meet that in our day of rejoicing the splendor of the occasion should be for an instant marred by the mention of the traitor Benedict Arnold. Yet he was, as we know, an officer in the Revolution. You will remember that after his escape to England, and while on an expedition against Virginia, he asked of an American captain whom he had taken prisoner what the Americans would do to him if he should chance to fall into their hands. "Why, sir," replied the captain, "if I must answer the question you must pardon me for speaking the truth. If my countrymen should catch you I believe they would first cut off that lame leg which was wounded in the cause of freedom and virtue, and bury it with the honors of war, and afterwards hang the remainder of your body upon a gibbet."

The captain, we know, referred to the wound received when at the attack upon Quebec. So, if you please, ladies and gentlemen, we will consider that it is only this loyal leg of him that we mention in this convention to-day. The American Biographical Dictionary will tell you that his character presents little to be commended. His courage was a courage without principle; his ambition a ladder to selfish ends. So, if you please, we will drop him into the slough of dishonor into which he dropped himself, and only mention him at all out of respect to the loyal leg of Quebec, and to emphasize the fact that while courage and valor live forever in the annals of fame, the stain of dishonor is equally lasting.

But, ladies and gentlemen, do not think for a moment that I am going to follow the lines on down to the makers of our own State Constitution. It is enough to know that we have the line clearly and courageously marked. So we will come on down, if you please, to the act of another stepmother who kicked us out of the home nest and left us to the mercy of the

Indian, the wild beast, and the adventurer of plunder. Later, when the unfledged nestling, under the gallant Sevier, began to try her wings, and anon to rise into the clearer ways, the old tree lowered her boughs and attempted to woo us back to a shelter among the branches. But that little taste of independence, with John Sevier in the lead and a handful of sturdy pioneers behind him, refused to be adopted and cast off at the whim of the unnatural mother, and grimly set up for herself. Then came the days of determination. We know the fight which our old hero made; we know the devotion of those brave brothers who snatched him from the very court rooms of the mother and sent him away into safety.

"Then read the names that know not death—
Few nobler ones than his are there;
And few shall wear a greener wreath
Than that which binds his hair."

Then came the days of doubt and of uncertainty when the little territory was knocking at the door of the Union, begging admission and protection, with the good right to representation in the Congress of the Nation. Hers was indeed a deplorable condition, without protection from North Carolina, an exterior power dictating her laws and appointing her Governor, and the whole of New England, with one exception, refusing to take her in.

We know well enough why New England opposed—because she was a slave-holding State, the members declared. And we know that later, when Missouri knocked for admittance and the same old objection arose, that Thomas Jefferson declared it fell upon his ear like a fire bell at midnight, announcing danger. Yet we know it was not this that kept our infant outside the sisterhood; for let me tell you that while all things else under God's beautiful heaven grow, and broaden, and progress, politics remain forever the same murky, muddy, slushy, dirty, selfish pool. And it was politics on the part of New England that kept us out of our Statehood for a time. She knew the electoral vote would be cast for Thomas Jefferson.

Now read, if you please, the names of those who sprang to our relief; names that in the annals of Tennessee are made

glorious indeed; the names of those who broke down the barriers raised against us with the same spirit of determination with which they had broken a pass through the wilderness. These are they who gave and took from none. They ploughed the wilderness, they fought the Indian, they fought the British, and had the necessity arisen they would have fought each other with as much enthusiasm perhaps as did their ancestors three quarters of a century later. Teach them to your children, these brave old names of our defenders—Rutherford, Giles, Macon, Gallatin, and the rest. The history of Tennessee and of America is full of illustrious names; let the children know them, teach them as you teach them the sweet, old childish “Now I lay me.” Let them know when they study their lessons that the counties over which they pass with childish thoughtlessness are designed as a monument to the memories of these brave men. Let them learn that Rutherford, Robertson, Giles, Madison, Monroe, Montgomery, Hamilton, McNairy, Overton, Henry, Marshall, Williamson, Cocke, Sevier, Jackson and Davidson, Coffee and DeKalb, represent the illustrious sires of our State and Nation. Teach them patriotism; it is the one pure fire that may burn forever in the human breast.

I can fancy how the seven hills about old Knoxville must have rung and reverberated and rung again with the shout of the people with the news of the immortal message of the immortal Sevier to the Legislature there assembled:

“I have the pleasure of announcing to you gentlemen the admission of the State of Tennessee into the Federal Union.”

And so, ladies and gentlemen, we find our little outcast a State, full-fledged, and with wings plumed for majestic flights. We hold no grudge against our old North mother of the Carolinas, because we know that in dropping us she dropped from the crown of her own splendors the brightest jewel in her possession, a jewel that will shine forever and forever, growing more and more resplendent until this old earth, weary of her own majesty, shall roll into a scroll and drift away.

One hundred years, brilliant years, though some of them be red with blood, this little strip of earth, with head in the clouds and her feet in the cotton fields, has kept upon her

course. To-day she stands majestic among the sisterhood. And she's still a babe. It took Rome three hundred years to die, and Tennessee is scarcely born. And I am proud of her illustrious fame; I am proud of that ancestry which we meet to-day to honor. I am proud that in our veins flows the blood of those old pioneers who paid their taxes in coon skins and their grudges in lead. I am proud of the women of those old days. Look for a moment at them, if you please, and then come talking about the courage of the modern dame who can guide a bicycle. Peep into the old block-house where Buchanan's wife is molding her bullets, varying the work now and then by loading a rifle. Peep into the cabin where Robertson's wife is teaching her husband his letters. I am proud that their brave blood is represented on this rostrum this morning. And I am proud that her name is associated with the name of Tennessee forever. It is a grand privilege to have been born an American citizen and a Tennessean. True, there are croakers who will tell us that the country has seen its best days; that the Republic is slipping the foundations laid by our ancestors. Liberty is a thing that can never die, and liberty and America are one. It was liberty that immortalized old Bunker Hill and that made America. It is the perfume of the earth, the music of nature, the pride of the soul, the spirit of God. It can never die.

That old orator struck the grand chord of patriotism when he said: "Oh, thou beloved land; bound together by the ties of common interest and brotherhood, live forever, one and undivided."

WHAT WE ARE DOING AND CHAPTER WORK.

WATAUGA AT THE CENTENNIAL.

"A nation without heroes is a nation without history, and a nation without history is a nation without patriotism and must fall." The heroes of the world have opened the way for the triumphant march of civilization, and the nation whose people are proud of their heroic ancestry will always produce heroes.

The examples set by our revolutionary fathers have never been improved upon, and as long as we emulate and cherish the history they made; as long as we glory in the inheritance of their blood, and preserve the traditions of their valor in war and their virtues in peace, so long will America be the shrine of patriotism and the citadel of liberty.

Tennessee's Governor voiced the sentiments of Tennessee's loyal daughters—Watauga Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution—when they chose for their part in the State's Centennial celebration the theme, "A Cyclorama from Tennessee's Early Day." As Watauga was the first white settlement in the territory—the cradle of western civilization—where the child, Tennessee, in 1772, had its birth, and in 1776 put on the garments of Statehood and took its first step, the Centennial, grand and glorious though it was, would have been incomplete without this part of its celebration, and it is a small mind indeed, and smaller soul, that seeks to dim the lustre or take from the glory of this most patriotic and soul-inspiring undertaking. With its name, the Chapter could do no less than attempt to add its mite in the glorification of the State, and with its membership, embracing many of the most talented women in the Union in the circles of literature, poesy, and music, the attempt meant success. So well did the members of the different programs acquitted themselves, the press of the State is ample evidence.

By invitation of the Woman's Board of Management, Watauga held its first convocation in the beautiful assembly hall of the Woman's Building on the morning of October 14. Mrs. Keller Anderson, an honored member of the Woman's Centennial Board, the Regent and organizer of the Chapter, presided with her usual gracious, earnest dignity, and, as is her custom, opened the exercises with prayer. In extending her greeting Mrs. Anderson said: "I find myself to-day akin to that proud Roman matron who felt that her richest jewels were her children, so I shall rest content to shine by their reflected light, and can safely trust my 'Daughters' to tell you of the beauties and glories which cluster about the historic name 'Watauga.'" Mrs. Luke Wright, a daughter of Admiral Hemmes—"the Paul Jones of the Confederacy"—made a masterly address (without manuscript), telling of Watauga's royal grant to western civilization. She told of the young days of America and the western path that was blazed by the pioneers; explained the royal grant of land from King Charles, and its boundaries; described the beautiful valley of the Watauga, and the arrival over the crest of the hill, in 1770, of Robertson and Sevier with their band of sturdy followers, and the founding of that germ of enterprise and pluck, Watauga settlement. She gave a vivid outline of the "Rear Guard of the Revolution," and the nobility of the men, and the brave sacrifices of the women, who fought not only the British, but the Indians, to protect their homes, and in closing said: "Their monument is our grand State."

Introducing Mrs. C. N. Grosvenor, Mrs. Anderson said: "Anniversaries are harmonies, and in observing them we set history to music, so to-day we bring you a sweet singer to add to the historical harmony of this centennial anniversary."

Mrs. Grosvenor responded with a beautiful poem from her own pen, a poetical toast, delivered with thrilling effect, to the "Rough Riders of Wilks and Surry," to the "Tell Watauga Boys," after the fashion of Scott's "Border Lays." It was a veritable "bugle call;" will live as a historic gem, and was received with storms of applause. Another poet in the Chapter is the well-known and loved Virginia Frazer Boyle, who is the

author of several fine southern patriotic and dialect stories, and also author of the prize Centennial ode. On this program she was chosen to crystallize the weird yet fascinating story of Nancy Ward, the "Inspired Sibyl of the Cherokees."

Mrs. Scales made a beautiful introduction of the noted little Tennessee writer, Will Allen Dromgoole. In exquisite language Mrs. Scales paid a tribute to Miss Dromgoole's talent, giving extracts from her charming little stories. Miss Dromgoole, who is an applicant for membership, on the record of Ezekiel Blanch, of Brunswick, Virginia, began with characteristic straightforwardness by saying she was not a Daughter of the Revolution, and yet in the next breath acknowledged the spirit that animates all loyal Daughters—the veneration for the old grave in Brunswick, and the heroic deeds of its occupant; and pride in and love for her native State prompted her to do the bidding of her chosen Chapter. She was grandly successful. In her "Blazing the Way to Statehood," as in every subject she essays, she shows the highest form of patriotism, love of God and country, and the uplifting and betterment of mankind. She urged that patriotism, "that flame which is the only pure one to burn in the heart," be taught the children, the future citizens, and that the names and guardians of America, and deeds of the early patriots be taught them, just as their little prayers. In an eloquent outburst, Miss Dromgoole concluded her paper with a tribute to Tennessee.

The disappointment of the day was the enforced absence of two of Watauga's most loyal and zealous daughters, Mrs. Clarence Selden and Mrs. Richard J. Pierson. Mrs. Selden was to have given us a peep into the wigwam around the council fire, and to present the Indian as civilization found him. With her facile pen and faculty of seeing the good in all classes of humanity, she would have won in our hearts a kindlier interest for the red man. Of the Historian, Mrs. Pierson, who was prevented by serious illness from giving "Muster Day in the Volunteer State," we had a right to expect much. Nature has endowed her richly with mental and moral strength, but at the expense of physical. To her the Regent paid a glowing tribute; also to Miss Desha, of Washington, a Tennessee pioneer descendant, whom the Chapter hoped to get.

It is easy to see the tenor of the past year's study. This Chapter is always abreast with the times; but this Centennial year of the State, as loyal daughters, they, too, have sought to honor and celebrate. It has taken part in many patriotic celebrations, and has always striven to promote love of country, the study of American history, and the practice and principles of good citizenship. Much of its success is due to the personal work, wisdom, and fidelity of the Regent, who never spares herself, yet always tries to encourage, advance, and save others. She has also always stood by the National Board, contending that its power should not be lessened by retaining more money in the Chapters.

At the last meeting the following resolution was approved and recorded in the minutes: "To our Regent, into whose hands we so gladly entrust Watauga Chapter's reputation, belongs our heartiest thanks for the result of its Centennial work at Nashville, which has surrounded its history with a brilliancy and finish worthy her efforts and the members co-operation." A resolution of thanks to Mrs. Pierson for her "exquisite program work," and one to Mrs. Day for her "magnificent work on Capitol Hill, in the celebration of Watauga's tree-planting," were also ordered spread upon the minutes. Watauga, at great expense and inconvenience, but in deference to the wishes of the State Regent, postponed its tree-planting ceremony from the 15th to the 20th, and a charming musical program was arranged for the former date by the talented musical director, Mrs. Jourdan W. Morris. Being herself one of Tennessee's sweetest song-birds, she was not permitted to hide behind her official dignity and escape, but was made to sing again and again.

Through the forethought of Mrs. Anderson a marker for the tree of enduring stone was set up inscribed: "Watauga's tree. From Carter County, the heart of the Watauga settlement. Planted in memory of the pioneers and builders of Tennessee. October 20, 1897. By Watauga Chapter, D. A. R., of Memphis, Tennessee."

To the reverse side belong these inscriptive words:

" 'Tis a handful of earth from my forefather's grave;
'Tis the soil I am proud to inherit.
Round this lusty young tree, from the land they first won;
We now consecrate memory's altar."

These words of the Regent were recited by her little daughter on responding with soil from the grave of Adam Dale, her ancestor.—MARY ROBERTSON DAY, *Registrar*.

FRANCES DIGHTON WILLIAMS CHAPTER (Bangor, Maine).—Feeling it their "bounden duty, as well as their precious privilege to do all in their power to honor the memory of the soldiers of the revolutionary struggle, to keep fresh in the minds of the people all the heroic events of that forever memorable epoch, and to impress upon our people the lesson that only by the cultivation of the same spirit of patriotism can they enjoy for themselves and perpetuate for their posterity the blessings of a free government and a pure society," therefore a Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution was organized at Bangor, Maine, on the evening of Friday, May 21. The eighteen charter members of the Society met for this purpose at the home of Mrs. Corelli C. W. Simpson, who in her capacity as Regent called the meeting to order.

Mrs. Helen Frye White, State Regent, in this appointment, bestowed upon Mrs. Simpson a compliment most justly merited, and gave to the Chapter a truly interested, energetic, and generous official. The name given the Chapter was that of Frances Dighton Williams, in honor of Frances Dighton, of the parish of St. Nicholas, Gloucester, who was married in the parish of Whitcomb Wagna, February 11, 1632, to Richard Williams, of the parish of St. John's, Gloucester. They came to this country in 1636, where Richard Williams became the founder, or as the historian affectionately says, "the father of the town of Taunton, Massachusetts." A sister, Katherine, was wife to Governor Dudley. They were descendants of the Berkeleys of Gloucestershire; so in the limits of "old Taunton" we have in the later towns of Berkeley and Dighton the maiden name and earlier family name of the wife of Richard Williams. She died in 1701, at the age of ninety-five years.

Ante-revolutionary to be sure; but the revolutionary muster

roll of her descendants of the third and fourth generations, and the acknowledged patriotism of the many distinguished members of her more than one thousand descendants now living, show that the name selected was not unworthy.

The officers elected were: Vice-Regent, Mrs. J. A. Dole; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Wilson Crosby; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Anne Frances Hammatt; Registrar, Mrs. Mary H. E. Curran; Treasurer, Miss Charlotte A. Baldwin; Librarian, Mrs. J. C. Buzzell; Historian, Mrs. Esther P. P. H. Estes; Board of Management, Mrs. A. E. Hardy, Mrs. G. H. Hopkins, Miss Josephine Baldwin, Miss Lurena Webster, Mrs. P. C. Lowell, Mrs. F. D. Parsons.

The Chapter has a just pride in numbering among its charter members Mrs. Phidelis C. Lowell, a veritable daughter of the Revolution, her father being Robert Cofren, of Pembroke, New Hampshire, who served during the trying winter at Valley Forge, leaving the army at the close of the war, a boy nineteen years old, and dying in 1844, at the age of seventy-nine years.

On the evening of Friday, June 18, it being the occasion of the eagerly anticipated and earnestly enjoyed visit of the State Regent, Mrs. Helen Frye White, to her a reception was given at the home of Mrs. Simpson, and at the same meeting was held a reception in honor of the eighty-second birthday of Mrs. P. C. Lowell. On this occasion occurred the presentation of the golden spoon. To this gift from the National Society, Mrs. Lowell replied as follows:

MRS. MARY SMITH SEYMOUR:

Dear Madam: Will you please express to the ladies of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution my warmest thanks and sincere pleasure for the beautiful souvenir sent me last week by that Society. It is not the value of the spoon that I prize so much as the thought that the services of my father and his brave comrades who fought that we might live in a free country, are now appreciated. My father loved his country and her honor above aught else. He enlisted again in the second war with England, and at that time left a wife and a family of little ones on the farm with hostile Indians near at hand, that he might help in her struggle against oppression. In later years his favorite book was the History of the United States, particularly the period of the Revolution, and often has he talked with his children of the trials and hardships of that winter at Valley Forge,

when only the presence of their revered commander kept the almost discouraged men together. I have heard him tell of a morning before a battle, when Washington quietly left his command and retired to a grove a short distance away. A soldier silently followed him, and as silently returned, saying, "Boys, we shall win the battle; the General is praying."

All those incidents recur to me with greater force when I look at the beautiful spoon sent me by the noble company of women whose aim is to "foster true patriotism" in young and old.

MRS. PHIDELIS COFFREN LOWELL,
A Daughter of Robert Coffren.

At the regular meeting of the Chapter on October 1 a gavel was presented, as shown by this letter:

MY DEAR MRS. SIMPSON: Please accept for the use of the Regent of the Frances Dighton Williams Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution this gavel made from a piece of the ship "Sky Rocket," one of the American fleet in Penobscot Bay during the Revolution. She was commanded by Captain Burke, carried 120 men, 16 guns (six pounders), and was set on fire by her own crew near Fort Point ledge, to prevent her falling into the hands of the British, August 14th, 1779. She was abandoned and drifted into Morse's Cove, Penobscot, burned to the water's edge and sank. The pieces out of which this gavel was made was generously presented for that purpose by Hosea D. Wardwell, of Penobscot.

MARY H. E. CURRAN.

Bangor Public Library, October 1, 1897.

The gavel was accepted by a vote of thanks to Mrs. Curran, and a letter of thanks to Mr. Wardwell, and now bears a silver plate with suitable inscription. The Chapter now numbers twenty-six members, with several candidates, whose papers are not fully prepared for presentation to the Board of Management. The regular meetings are held on the first Friday of each month except July and August.

As the State of Maine possesses few spots sacred to revolutionary incidents, and consequently no local anniversaries of that period, there is not so much of home interest wherewith to employ the energies, as may be found by the Chapters of any of the "old thirteen;" but labor in the cultivation of a wise and thoughtful patriotism, in the marking of the most significant of our anniversaries, and in the celebrating of them in a suitable and educational manner, together with the pleasant social occasions which our meetings frequently afford, all give us

abundant cause for rejoicing that we are numbered among the loyal daughters of nobly loyal sires on the rolls of the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution.—HISTORIAN.

EAGLE ROCK CHAPTER (Montclair, New Jersey) held its annual meeting on December 17, 1897. It was an occasion of unusual importance and interest, marking the expiration of the term of office of those who have served the Chapter since its organization. The officers elected for the ensuing year are: Mrs. Israel Crane, Regent; Mrs. Franklyn H. Hooper, Vice-Regent; Mrs. S. Augustus Swenarton, Secretary; Mrs. Thomas B. Nutting, Treasurer; Mrs. Robert S. Woodward, Registrar; Mrs. Isaac Ward, Historian.

Detailed reports of what has been accomplished by the Chapter were read, and an interest and steadfastness of purpose were manifest that promise well for the work of the future. The Chapter is properly chartered. Its finances are in a most satisfactory condition. There is a balance in the treasury sufficient for all local expenses, besides eighty dollars on deposit for the Continental Hall fund. The Chapter also holds five shares in the Revolutionary Memorial Society of New Jersey.

From time to time members have contributed original papers in both poetry and prose on subjects patriotic, biographical and historical, which have been read at the Chapter meetings. The genealogical work, in the hands of Mrs. John B. Hawes, Registrar, has been of great interest and value. Among the six active committees that have conducted the special work of the Chapter may be mentioned the Public School Committee and the Washington Headquarters Committee. The latter has had under consideration ways and means for purchasing and preserving the Crane homestead, which was used by both Washington and Lafayette as headquarters, and which has remained from colonial days to the present time in the Crane family. The work of the Chapter in this matter is to arouse public interest in the annals of the past, and secure subscriptions by various methods for the preservation of the last historic landmark of old Cranetown, now Montclair.

The work of the Chapter in the public schools has adjusted itself to the capacities of the various grades. Annual prizes—

first and second—have been awarded to the grades capable of writing essays on the historic and patriotic topics selected by a committee of the Chapter. "The Causes Which Led to the Formation of the Constitution," and "Why We Study United States History" have been the subjects chosen, and have called forth some remarkably fine essays. The Chapter annually presents to the schools the picture of a distinguished patriot. This year it was a life-sized photogravure copy of Stewart's portrait of Washington, suitably framed.

At present the general work is tending toward a rudimentary training in civil government. The methods employed commend themselves to those vitally interested in educating for citizenship. Mr. Charles H. Johnson, of the Montclair Public School Board, addressed the New Jersey State Teachers' Association in Trenton on the 28th of December in behalf of the Chapter, which is advocating practical patriotism for the public schools throughout the State. His subject was, "The Relation of the Public Schools to Patriotism and Citizenship."

It may thus be clearly seen that the "Daughters" of the Eagle Rock Chapter are not fighting over again the battles of a past age, but are endeavoring "to cherish, maintain, and extend the institutions of American freedom, to foster true patriotism and love of country, and to aid in securing for mankind all the blessings of liberty."—ELIZABETH COX SULLIVAN, *Past-Regent*.

REBECCA MOTTE CHAPTER.—In the hospitable parlors of Mrs. E. O. Patterson, Atlantic Street, Charleston, South Carolina, were assembled at high noon, Tuesday, November 30, thirty-five of the members of the Rebecca Motte Chapter to meet Mrs. Mary Washington, Regent of the Mary Washington Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, of Macon, Georgia. Besides the Daughters there were present prominent clergymen, and Mr. Hugh Washington. Dr. Vedder, in his inimitable manner, welcomed Mrs. Washington, and paid a glowing tribute to the fame of her illustrious father, Samuel Hammond, the intrepid Virginian who upon Carolina soil won fadeless laurels. Appointed colonel of cavalry, he fought in seventeen battles of the Revolution—Long Bridge, Virginia,

Stone Ferry, Cedar Springs, Musgrave's Mill, Ramsey's Mill, King's Mountain, Cowpens, Guilford Court House, and Eutaw all bear tribute to his military renown. After the fall of Charleston he distinguished himself in active partisan warfare, and in 1781 participated in the seize of Augusta, Georgia. Mrs. Washington is also the widow of Beverly Washington, "a Washington of the Virginia Washingtons." Thus endowed in name and personality, Mrs. Washington is surrounded by all that makes old age desirable—honor, love, obedience, troops of friends. In 1890 she attended the first Congress of the Daughters of the American Revolution, and has the honor to have been an initial member, i. e., was the first daughter of an American officer to enroll herself a Daughter of the American Revolution. Mrs. Washington was presented by this Congress with the badge of the organization, and received a handsome gold spoon, a souvenir presented only to daughters of soldiers who served in the Continental Army.

Drs. Grant and Whitman made addresses. Dr. Egbert commended the purpose and aims of our National organization, breathing, he said, a spirit of friendship, unity, and oneness of patriotic endeavor throughout this now cemented Union. Mr. Hugh Washington most happily responded in behalf of his mother and himself.

The younger Daughters dispensed dainty refreshments, while everywhere and at all times was ever apparent the unfailing courtesy and kindly graciousness of host and hostess, Captain and Mrs. E. O. Patterson.—EMMIE IRVIN-MICKLE ROBERTSON, *Historian*.

COLONEL CRAWFORD CHAPTER.—No Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution is prouder of its lineage than is the Colonel Crawford Chapter. The members are constantly springing surprises on one another by suddenly discovering some hitherto unknown ancestor of honor and fame, and thus adding to the goodly supply of pride already possessed by these Daughters. The Chapter is rich in colonial and revolutionary relics, and the meetings are highly interesting. One of the favorite resorts of the Chapter is the home of Mrs. Frances Shippen Hollister. Hospitality beams from every

window of the fine old mansion, and greets every guest whose good fortune it is to enter the Shippen home. Rare old furniture is found in every room, and the walls are hung with portraits of men and women who walked and talked with Washington. There are pictures of fine ladies who danced and flirted with the red-coated British, and who encouraged and nursed our own brave soldiers in time of war; and there are pictures of those same brave soldiers, some in full uniform, and others in ruffles and lace, dressed for the President's reception. While in this home one could easily imagine himself to be living in the "good, old Colony days," and would not be greatly surprised to see Lafayette enter and again occupy the chair held sacred to his memory. Mrs. Hollister entertained the Chapter at the regular meeting in December. The hostess read a paper in which she gave a detailed account of the acquaintance, courtship, marriage, and later life of the beautiful Peggy Shippen with the notorious Benedict Arnold. Most of the material for the paper was obtained from letters now in possession of the essayist's father. The quaint, old-fashioned phrases quoted from the letters added a great charm to the descriptions. After the formal session, while refreshments were being served, Mr. Shippen, father of our hostess, came into the drawing-room and delighted all with anecdotes of early days. He showed us portraits of eight generations of his own family, and seven of his wife's. He hastened to assure us with more vehemence than his well-known loyalty to his country required, that "the Peggy Shippen who married the traitor" was not a direct ancestor of his, but only collateral, her uncle being the one from whom he descended. Mr. Shippen then begged permission to read an article taken from a Philadelphia paper. It was an account of the presentation of a carpet to the women in charge of Mount Vernon for the banquet hall of Washington's home. It will be remembered that the carpet was a gift from Louis XVI to Washington, who at that time not being permitted to receive gifts from foreign powers, offered it for sale. The carpet was purchased by Judge Jasper Yeates, and was worn in the front parlor of his home in Lancaster many years. It finally came into the possession of Mrs. Sarah Yeates Whelen, who presented it to

Mount Vernon, for which it was originally intended. "Now," said Mr. Shippen when he had finished the article, "Mrs. Whelen is my wife's sister, and Judge Jasper Yeates was her grandfather." And he gave a finishing romantic touch to the incident by adding "It was on that carpet that I first met my wife."

SHELBY CHAPTER (Shelbyville, Tennessee) was organized February, 1897, with thirteen charter members. The State Regent, Mrs. Mildred S. Mathes, and Mrs. Margaret C. Pilcher, of Nashville, kindly assisted in the organization. Mrs. Philip J. Scudder, of Shelbyville, was appointed Regent, and worked assiduously for the formation of the Chapter. The other officers as enrolled are: Vice-Regent, Mrs. A. R. Alley; Treasurer, Mrs. G. W. Moody; Registrar, Miss Fannie Thompson; Secretary, Miss Ellen Sandusky; Historian, Miss Carrie C. Sims.

Shelby Chapter derives its name from General Isaac Shelby, one of the heroes of King's Mountain, who figured prominently in the settlement and early history of Tennessee and Kentucky. In his honor Shelbyville, our county seat, received its name. At the home of the Regent, Tuesday afternoon, January 11, an enjoyable entertainment took place. The occasion was the celebration of the Chapter's first anniversary, and a reception to two new members, Mrs. J. M. Wilhoite, who removed her membership from Campbell Chapter, Nashville, and Mrs. M. W. Bagley. Unfortunately the weather was inauspicious. Apparently January was in league with the shades of our departed foes. Torrents of rain, accompanied by lightning and violent gusts of wind, prevented those members from attending to whom the Regent's residence was rendered inaccessible by distance and the fury of the storm. Inviting refreshments were served to the guests immediately upon their arrival, which added greatly to the cheer within, in contrast to the gloom and rage of the tempest without. The program was shortened by the absence of some who had prepared papers appropriate to the occasion. Mrs. G. W. Moody read an interesting article on revolutionary incidents, and Miss Carrie C. Sims recited her poem, "Amor Patriæ,"

after which sociability reigned until the close of the afternoon brought with it a cessation of the storm, when the guests took leave, declaring that the entertainment had been a source of great pleasure and profit.

It is a matter of regret that the Daughters here have little incentive to Chapter work. The old Volunteer State not ranking with the original and immortal thirteen, and containing no battlefields, forts, or buildings of revolutionary interest for preservation, Shelby Chapter does not possess that source of inspiration which many of our sister States of the East and South afford. However, Tennessee, as her sobriquet of Old Volunteer State implies, proved herself in the struggle for independence second to none in patriotism and love of liberty; and we, the descendants of those patriots, who, led by Shelby and Sevier, fought so bravely and gloriously at King's Mountain, hope never to fall behind the foremost State of the Union in patriotic spirit and devotion.—CARRIE C. SIMS, *Historian*.

MARY DRAPER CHAPTER (West Roxbury, Massachusetts) has among its other interests the raising of a fund for the erection of a drinking fountain near the site of the old homestead of Mary Draper in West Roxbury to commemorate the kindly deeds done by her for the soldiers in the Revolutionary War, and especially in furnishing food and drink for the volunteers on their way to Lexington after the alarm. This brave woman, a widow, was not rich in this world's goods, but she gave what she had. She melted her cherished Jenten dishes to make bullets, and cut up her blankets, and even much of her clothing, for the use of the soldiers, and while they were passing her house on their way to battle she kept her three ovens constantly going to bake great loaves of brown bread, which she gave to the men, together with mugs of cider filled from the brimming tubs at the door.

Two very delightful entertainments were recently given by the Chapter in aid of their fund, and a substantial sum was added to the amount in the treasury. The first of these was an Author's Reading, and was under the management of Miss Helen M. Winslow, who also presided and introduced the authors to the audience. The program was varied and most

interesting. Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton read a group of charming poems, and Mr. J. L. Harborn and Mr. Samuel Walter Foss gave both pathetic and humorous selections, which were alike entertaining. Miss Katherine Conway gave an impressive reading of her "Only Friends," and Mr. Charles Follen Adams gave some of his well-known dialect poems, made even more amusing by his clever rendering of them. Mr. Hezekiah Butterworth made a most appropriate ending to the program by reading some of his stirring poems on subjects relating to our colonial and revolutionary history. There were also some fine piano solos beautifully played by Miss Nellie Dean. The hall was appropriately and prettily trimmed with bunting, and the stage had a most attractive appearance. Altogether the evening proved a thoroughly enjoyable one both to the Chapter and its friends. The second entertainment was a whist party, and was arranged by a committee of nine ladies of the Chapter, and was held in the hall of the Highland Club House. The stage was decorated with potted plants and palms, and in the corners of the hall were the tables, from which refreshments were served during the afternoon. These were daintily set with delicate china and glass, and beautiful sprays of English ivy kindly sent by a friend of the Chapter. That the ladies were deeply interested in the playing was shown by the intervals of almost complete silence, varied by the hum of conversation and laughter as partners were changed at the tables, and all reported having spent a delightful afternoon.—*ABBY M. LOVEJOY, Historian.*

SARAH BRADLEE FULTON CHAPTER (Medford, Massachusetts).—The regular monthly meeting of the Sarah Bradlee Fulton Chapter was held January 3 at the spacious residence of Mrs. A. D. Priffer, corner of High and Winthrop Streets. The first of the evening was devoted to business. Three were elected to membership, one being a "real daughter," Mrs. Lucy Ann Reid, ninety-two years of age. The Chapter feels greatly pleased and highly honored in welcoming her to its ranks. Mrs. Emma W. Goodwin, Registrar, was appointed a committee to have each piece of Chapter property that is displayed in the Historical Society's rooms appropriately marked. Miss

Helen T. Wild was appointed delegate to the National Congress, and Miss Eliza M. Gill, Miss Sarah L. Clark, and Miss Ella Burbank, committee to procure a suitable tablet to mark the site of the early home of Sarah Bradlee Fulton, which was in the center of the town from 1772 to 1785. Arrangements were perfected for the social the Chapter will hold at the house of Mrs. Hannah E. E. Ayers, January 24. This will be a public affair, at which an admission will be charged, and it is hoped the treasury will be considerably increased. The Regent and her staff of officers were appointed to prepare a celebration for February 22.

The business having been duly disposed of, attention was given to the literary program. Miss Fannie Adams rendered a piano solo, and Miss Hetty Wait read a very interesting paper on "Bygone Days," giving an account of old-time schools in Medford, and many incidents new to her hearers. Many of the items she had recorded were the reminiscences of her mother, now living at the age of ninety-two. Having closed the paper by some incidents in the life of Mrs. Fulton, she presented to the Chapter a fine sketch of the home of Sarah Bradlee Fulton from 1785 to 1835, framed in a portion of the shutter from the Bradlee house, Boston. This sketch was admirably executed by Mr. John W. Adams, a descendant of Mrs. Fulton. In the house here pictured Washington called on Mrs. Fulton, and was entertained with great ceremony. Miss Gertrude Bragdon read an essay on Lafayette, and Miss Maud Clark rendered in a very fine manner two violin solos to the piano accompaniment of Mrs. Alice Morrison. Mrs. Timson, a sister of the hostess, sang a touching old ballad, and at its close the company adjourned to the large dining-room, where a fine spread was given. The evening was all too short for the many pleasures to be enjoyed, and it was a late hour before the good nights were said.—ELIZA M. GILL, *Historian.*

VALLEY FORGE CHAPTER.—Upon the suggestion of Miss Nina B. Read, Registrar of the Valley Forge Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, Norristown, Pennsylvania, it was decided that the Chapter should send to the Society of the Cincinnati, as a suitable patriotic offering, a laurel wreath,

to be placed upon the Washington Monument at its unveiling on May 15, 1897, in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia. The Regent, Mrs. Anna M. Holstein, appointed a committee of three, composed of First Vice-Regent Mrs. Margaret S. Hunsicker, Mrs. Hugh McInnis, and Miss Nina B. Read, to make the necessary arrangements for having the laurel gathered from the Valley Forge encampment grounds, made into a handsome wreath, wound and tied with the colors of the National Society, and sent to Mr. George J. Brennan, secretary of the Citizens' Executive Committee for that occasion. This wreath was the only one of many offers accepted by Mr. John Biddle Porter, chairman of the Society of the Cincinnati, which society has placed at the Green Street entrance the handsomest monument in Fairmount Park. President McKinley and several members of the Cabinet were present at the unveiling ceremonies. William Wayne, president of the Society of the Cincinnati, after an invocation of divine blessing, made a few remarks, and then President McKinley pulled the cord unveiling the monument. W. W. Porter delivered the oration of the day, after which President Wayne formally presented the monument to Mayor Warwick, of Philadelphia, as the representative of the city, and he in turn transferred it to the custody of the Fairmount Park Commission. The order was then given for the troops to move and pass in review through the park. Several vessels of the North Atlantic squadron were assigned to come to Philadelphia on this occasion, so that the navy should also be properly represented in the demonstration in honor of the memory of Washington. The French man-of-war "Fulton" was ordered here from southern waters to participate in the parade, the officers and men of which were entertained by the French colony in Philadelphia.

PRESQUE ISLE CHAPTER (Erie, Pennsylvania).—Since the organization of our Chapter June 8th, 1897, the meetings have been held regularly on the second Tuesday in each month, always at the home of the Regent, except the July and November meetings, which were held at the home of the Secretary. Immediately after our organization we sent for our charter, and decided to enlarge our Society as fast as desirable applicants

presented themselves. Enthusiasm spread rapidly, as is shown by our membership roll, which now contains twenty-one names, and almost as many more will come in as soon as their papers are ready. A set of by-laws was adopted early last summer, but after a little more experience we hope to improve them. In the meantime our meetings have been most harmonious, and of an informal and social nature rather than according to laws. As the New Year of ninety-eight came in we felt that we were old enough and strong enough to make our bow to the public, and we did so by celebrating the receipt of our charter and the wedding anniversary of George and Martha Washington, on the same day, at the home of Mrs. M. L. Little, our Registrar. About seventy invitations were sent out, and the most of them were cordially responded to. The decorative committee appointed to assist Mrs. Little deserve much credit for their work. The Stars and Stripes waved us a welcome from every nook and corner, and it seemed to us that "Old Glory" never looked so beautiful before. Was it because of our newly-awakened interest in all that our National emblem means to us, or did she feel that new luster should be added for the new honor the Daughters were paying her? Not only honor but reverence was paid to our flag as the Daughters and their guests stood and sang our National hymn. This was followed by a most gracious address by our Regent, Mrs. Morrison, in which she presented the charter of Presque Isle Chapter to the members and in behalf of the Chapter extended a cordial welcome to our guests of the evening. Those of us who have wondered what the duties of an Historian were, certainly found out that evening as we listened to a most interesting article on the early history of our country, written and read by Mrs. William N. Johnson, our Chapter Historian. We were all convinced that it was not an easy office to fill, and that we had one among us so thoroughly competent to do so was a matter for congratulation.

Mrs. Johnson's article showed diligent research and study, and was duly appreciated and enjoyed, not only by those present that evening, but by the public, which had the benefit of it through the kindness of the "Morning Dispatch."

A fitting close to our program was the singing of the "Star Spangled Banner" by Mr. Little, and gracefully pantomimed by Miss Atkins. That we might not impress our friends as too serious we indulged in the old-fashioned dance, the "Virginia Reel," led by Miss Simmons, who impersonated Martha Washington, and Mr. William Johnson, who looked a veritable Father of His Country in knickerbockers and wig. The ladies in their colonial costumes added much to the interest of the stately old dance. Refreshments of the kind served by General and Mrs. Washington at their receptions, when our country was a very young Republic, were served to the Daughters and their friends.

We believe truly the old saying that every great man had a great mother, and we would not have you think that the mother of our first President was forgotten at this celebration.

Mrs. William N. Johnson, in lilac silk and beautiful old lace, with hair pompadour, and a genuine Mary Washington cap, looked indeed like the mother of an illustrious son. One of the most interesting features of the evening was a rare collection of coins, and autograph letters owned by Mr. Little and placed on a table for inspection. Presque Isle Chapter is greatly indebted to Mr. and Mrs. Little for their kind hospitality. In reviewing our first year's work we feel justified in saying that we have made a good start in the right direction, and all that has been accomplished is due to the untiring zeal and ceaseless energy of our honored Regent, Mrs. Morrison.—ALICE CHURCHILL CLARKE, *Secretary*.

SAMUEL GRANT CHAPTER (Gardiner, Maine) marked their first anniversary by giving a public entertainment under their auspices. The entrance and spacious parlors of the residence of Mrs. James D. White, mother of one of our members, were beautifully decorated with red, white and blue bunting, buff and blue, and many large flags. A large portrait of Washington, a farmer of the State of Maine, muskets stacked, historic swords, old knapsacks, and "D. A. R." in large letters everywhere, gave a patriotic aspect to the surroundings.

The program opened with two excellent violin solos ren-

dered by Mr. Ridgway, of Boston, piano accompaniment by Mr. Wilson, of Gardiner, after which a stirring patriotic address was made by Mr. Plant, of our Episcopal church, who then introduced Miss Brazier, Regent of the Bunker Hill Chapter, the central figure of the evening. After a graceful tribute to the Samuel Grant Chapter and its Regent, Mrs. Rice, and a few words upon the objects of our great Society, Miss Brazier held the attention and interest of her large audience with her talk, entitled "Patriotism Abroad," reminiscing along patriotic lines over her trip abroad, mentioning many things we do not generally hear in the ordinary traveler's account.

All were pleased with Miss Brazier and I am sure she did much towards making the subject of patriotism and our Society popular upon the occasion of our first entertainment of the kind. Operatic and patriotic airs were rendered by the artists of the evening, and served to brighten and close a most delightful affair.

Many in the audience had the pleasure of meeting Miss Brazier and the members of the Chapter were kindly invited by the hostess to enjoy a dainty spread. We are indebted to Mrs. White, who took so much trouble to make the affair a success, and for the encouragement of young Chapters I would like to say that in spite of every discouragement, we persevered, made our full expenses and a small balance and a success of the entertainment, January 11, 1898.—NORA G. RICE, *Regent.*

KEWANEE CHAPTER (Illinois) was organized June 16, 1897, at the home of Mrs. James K. Blish, who having been appointed Chapter Regent of Kewanee was instrumental in establishing the Chapter. Thirteen ladies were in attendance. The meeting was called to order by the Regent, who gave an address on the work before us and also the honor of being eligible to membership in the Daughters of the American Revolution. Officers appointed: Mrs. J. W. Eddy, Vice-Regent; Mrs. H. C. Huntington, Registrar; Mrs. E. M. Vail, Secretary; Mrs. C. H. Hall, Treasurer; Mrs. J. A. Nicholson, Historian. The thirteen members present and whose names are on our charter were Mrs. James K. Blish, Mrs. J. W. Eddy,

Mrs. H. C. Huntington, Mrs. E. M. Vail, Mrs. C. H. Hall, Mrs. J. C. Banister, Mrs. A. Y. Sanders, Mrs. E. H. Stilson, Mrs. J. H. Mannow, Mrs. C. A. Barney, Mrs. J. A. Nicholson, Miss Annie Colby, of Yiskilwa, Illinois, and Mrs. J. H. Fesler, of Glenwood Springs, Colorado. After the summer our regular meetings began the first Monday in October at the home of the Chapter Regent, Mrs. James K. Blish. All members were present except Mrs. J. W. Eddy and our two non-resident members, Mrs. J. W. Fesler and Miss Annie Colby. The time was spent listening to the record of the ancestry of each member, which proved very entertaining, as many interesting facts were given. It was decided that the work of the Chapter for the season should be confined to colonial-history. At our meeting January 3d the charter for the Chapter was received and accepted by the Society. Our Chapter was also at this meeting presented with an elegant Colorado silver gavel, the gift of our member in Colorado, Mrs. Ida Hatch Fesler, of Glenwood Springs. The gavel is a work of art, planned by Mrs. Fesler. The handle represents a distaff with the tuft of flags winding gracefully toward the head. Near the top of the handle is represented the insignia of the Order, a Puritan maid seated at the spinning wheel. The head of the gavel bears the inscription, "Kewanee, Ill., Chapter, D. A. R., 1897."

WILLIAM MASON CHAPTER (North Dakota).—A meeting was called by our Regent for Friday afternoon, January 21, 1898, to receive our new charter. The place of meeting—in her own parlors—where we have met so often in the past to talk things over. The opening exercises were appropriate to the occasion. At the request of Mrs. Lounsberry, our Regent, the Secretary read the letter from our State Regent presenting our charter. It was a beautiful letter, full of noble sentiment and encouraging words for our future.

The name of the Chapter was changed from "Fargo" to William Mason, in honor of Mrs. Lounsberry's ancestor of revolutionary fame. Inasmuch as we owe our existence to her efforts and our State Regent, it was considered more appropriate than the local name of Fargo. A social time was spent over a cup of real colonial tea served by our hostess and fair Doro-

thea, her beautiful granddaughter. Success to our Chapter was our toast and the health of absent ones.—SARAH A. M. McCONNELL, *Secretary*.

MARY BALL CHAPTER (Tacoma, Washington) is in a prosperous condition, numbering between thirty-five and forty members to date, with several more applications "on the string." Our monthly meetings so far this year have been evening ones, in which the Alexander Hamilton Chapter, Sons of the American Revolution, have joined us, making a social and intellectual gathering which has proved a great success. The program as arranged by our Regent, Mrs. Jane C. Harvey, is a brilliant one, and the Daughters of the American Revolution of Tacoma, as a patriotic and influential Society, is a powerful one for good. We need more of such on the Pacific Coast.—MRS. JULIA R. HARDENBERGH, *Historian*.

KETURAH MOSS TAYLOR CHAPTER (Newport, Kentucky) held its annual election at the home of Mrs. Carson B. Forse, on November 4, 1897, at which time were elected Mrs. Carson Forse, Regent; Mrs. Samuel Christian Bailey, Vice-Regent; Mrs. Thomas C. Brown, Secretary; Mrs. James Shanks, Registrar; Miss Anna Lee Washington, Treasurer, and Mrs. Walter Kline, Historian. The meeting opened with the usual prayer, and after this the National hymn, "The Star Spangled Banner," was sung with the usual revival of patriotism. The reports of the retiring officers were read and accepted, and after the election the graceful incidents attending a change of officers concluded the meeting. On December 30, 1897, the new Regent, giving evidence of her warm interest and desires for the promotion of the Chapter, socially as well as otherwise, invited the Daughters and their friends to a delightful tea, and began, in a glorious and happy manner, the motives of her term of office. Her home was decorated with flags and flowers, red, white and blue bunting draping the doors, table and mantels. As each guest arrived she received a tiny silken flag and a patriotic quotation, which was read by each as her name was called from the roll, the flag remaining in the possession of the guest as a souvenir of the occasion. Our Regent opened the

entertainment with a beautiful prayer, written especially for the Daughters of the American Revolution by a bishop. All present joined in singing "America," patriotism in this Chapter receiving a new impetus for 1898. A paper on "Kentucky and the Revolution" was read by Mrs. Walter Kline. A delightful musical program was rendered, consisting of solos by Miss Washington and the Misses Roat, and instrumental selections by Miss Kidney. Chocolate and dainty refreshments were served. The reception over, the Daughters thanked the hostess, or rather the new Regent, for bringing forth this social initiative to the Chapter, and for the pleasures enjoyed pledged themselves to add, for the future, occasions of this kind as adjuncts to the more formal objects of the year's meetings. At the meeting on January 6, 1898, at the home of the Historian, it was decided, with unanimous approval, to take up a series of studies on the revolutionary period of our country. As a ground-work for this plan, "Fiske's American Revolution" was adopted, and it is hoped that at each meeting, which is weekly, there will be a full gathering of the members to learn and discuss what to us is deemed the most entertaining and important period of the world's history. Surely patriotism will thrive in this Chapter. As a demonstration of the more active and interested work of the Chapter it was also decided to present, in the Spring, after the regular examinations of the public schools of our city, a beautiful and appropriate medal to the student of history who gets the highest percentage in a special competitive examination on the subject of the American Revolution. This, we think, will bring out some of the objects of the Daughters of the American Revolution, more strikingly than in any other way, namely, that of keeping the interest and importance of the events of this country's formation constantly before the rising generation. Arrangements are now completing for a literary and musical entertainment at the home of Mrs. John T. Hodge, on the evening of January 28th. The Chapter has a very patriotic object in view, and it is hoped that enough will be realized from this entertainment to meet the demands of our cause. The efforts of Mrs. Hodge and the committees will be found more than sufficient to bring out the best possible results of the occasion.—MRS. WALTER KLINE, *Historian*.

MAHWENAWASIGH CHAPTER.—Early in the last summer the Mahwenawasigh Chapter, of Poughkeepsie, New York, heard with joy that a "Real" Daughter of the American Revolution was living at an advanced age at the Old Ladies' Home. She proved to be Mrs. Rachel C. Klump, born the opening year of the century, the eleventh child of Adrian Covenhoven, of Fishkill, who had served in the War of the Revolution, and the grandchild of Elisha DuBois, who fought in the French and Indian wars. The Chapter at once received her as one of its members and presented her with the souvenir spoon of the National Society, on which occasion she was wheeled to a convenient place near the speaker's table, and though exceedingly feeble was able to hear the greater part of the exercises, to remain until their close, and afterward to take her share of the refreshments which followed. We almost feared that the excitement and strain would prove too much for one so frail, but she lived in the happiness of being one of our members, for more than three months, and died at the great age of ninety-seven years. But we have already learned that there is yet another "Real" Daughter living in Poughkeepsie, and I am sure the Chapter will not suffer any unnecessary delay in making her one of our number.—*MYRA H. AVERY, Historian.*

SWE-KAT-SI CHAPTER (Ogdensburg, New York).—The record of the year shows the Chapter to be in a vigorous and healthy condition. Seven members have joined during the past year, making a total membership of thirty-six. One member has resigned. There have been nine regular meetings, one special meeting, and three adjourned meetings of the local board. The work of the year has been the offering of prizes in the public schools for the best essays on "American History," thereby stimulating a greater interest in that subject. The giving of more than one hundred (116) books on American history to the Public Library with the money raised by a loan exhibition; the study of American history among the members in the selections and papers read at the several meetings; the taking of two copies of the AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE that greater interest in other Chapters and the National Society may be aroused; the observance of the Fourth of July

by attending a patriotic service as a Chapter and the display of the National flag; the contribution of \$25 to the Continental Hall Fund. The Chapter Day was celebrated by a reception in the Library Hall, the chief features of which were the reading of the prize essays, the giving of the prizes, viz., five dollars and two dollars in the Academy, and four dollars and two in the secondary grade, and the singing for the first time of our Chapter hymn composed and presented to the Chapter by an unknown friend. On resuming the regular meetings in October the Chapter took possession of the beautiful room offered them by the trustees of the Public Library and were able to furnish it very prettily and comfortably. One of the pleasantest features of the meetings is the answer to the roll call by the short account of a revolutionary battle, previously assigned to each member, and by a reader taking the place of the absentees the chronological order is kept intact. The outlook for the future is bright. It is determined to keep the work fully up to the standard already attained and to go on in the same lines, and it is hoped that the interest and enthusiasm will steadily grow and many members be added to our Chapter.—LAURA M. HASBOUCK, *Recording Secretary*.

GENERAL SUMTER CHAPTER (Birmingham, Alabama).—The first Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution in Alabama was organized in Birmingham by Mrs. J. B. Morsom, who was appointed State Regent, and Mrs. G. C. Ball, Chapter Regent. The Chapter was named in honor of Gen. Thomas Sumter, of South Carolina, one of the most able and active partisan leaders of the South, and a constant plague to Cornwallis during the struggle for American Independence. On account of the many changes which are constantly taking place in a cosmopolitan city like Birmingham, the Chapter has lost many of its members, yet is slowly but steadily adding to its ranks. Our present officers are: Regent, Mrs. Morgan Smith; Vice-Regent, Mrs. John W. Tomlinson; Chapter Regent, Mrs. E. H. Cabaniss; Recording Secretary, Mrs. J. H. Haley; Registrar, Mrs. Arthur Adams; Treasurer, Mrs. Charles Read; Historian, Mrs. N. W. Trimble. The Chapter meets monthly with different members. After transacting the business of the

day a literary program follows. All memorable days are recognized, and have their appropriate study of history. Our last meeting was a large and enthusiastic one, at the hospitable home of our Vice-Regent, Mrs. John Tomlinson. Officers were elected for the ensuing year, also delegates and alternates to represent the local Chapter at the Continental Congress, to be held in Washington the 22d of February. The proceeds from the "Colonial Tea" (for the benefit of the Continental Hall) have been forwarded to Washington, with greetings from the Sumter Chapter.—MRS. N. W. TRIMBLE, *Historian*.

BARON STEUBEN CHAPTER (Bath, New York).—On Saturday, January 16, 1897, the beautiful home of Mrs. Charles Kingsley was thrown open to a company of ladies. They were comparatively few in number, but were very enthusiastic, and their object was to organize a Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution. The house itself is a commodious structure in colonial style and particularly adapted for this meeting. From the flag-staff over the porch waved "Old Glory" and the spacious parlors were appropriately decorated with the National colors. Mrs. Kingsley had been appointed Regent by the State Regent and proceeded to appoint the officers of the Chapter as follows: Vice-Regent, Mrs. John Davenport; Treasurer, Mrs. John Beekman; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Reuben Robie; Recording Secretary, Miss Charlotte Sedgwick; Registrar, Miss Rebecca Leeke; charter members, Charlotte H. Hull, Elizabeth A. Larrope, Emily T. Howard, Mary Joy, Carrie B. Barber, Nora Hull, Mary M. Waldo and Ruby H. Brundage. The name, Baron Steuben Chapter, was adopted, for the brave old Prussian soldier of the Revolution seemed to the ladies to be one of the noblest characters in our history, and this was the first Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution to be organized in Steuben county. Dainty refreshments were then served, after which the meeting was adjourned to meet the first Saturday in each month. Through the untiring energy and thoughtful planning of the Regent, Mrs. Kingsley, the Chapter has been very successful and many new members have been added. A unique reception was given the Sons and Daughters of the American Revolu-

tion by Mrs. Harry S. Hull and Miss Rebecca L. Leeke, on the evening of Washington's birthday. The rooms were draped in the National colors and the bird of freedom was the presiding genius. Each guest had been asked to wear an emblem typifying some person or event connected with the Revolution, and much merriment was occasioned in the attempts to guess the significance of the strange ornaments displayed. Supper was served in the library and then came the feast of reason under the auspices of Mr. Charles F. Kingsley. Rev. Charles Noble Frost responded to the toast, "George Washington, first in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen;" Mr. Clarence Willis responded to the toast, "The Colonists," and Miss Mary Waldo to "The Sons of the American Revolution." Mr. Kingsley gave a humorous account of "The Battle of the Kegs," and Miss Mary Joy read Francis Hopkinson's poem on that event. Miss Sedgwick read the war lyric, "The Old Continentals," written by Guy H. McMaster, of Bath. Rev. William H. Crandall gave a humorous but appreciative response to the toast, "Baron Steuben." Mrs. John Davenport described "The Spinning Wheel" in a way which impressed the Daughters that it is now only a relic of the past. "The Wigs of Our Ancestors" were traced by Reuben E. Robie back to the time of the Pharoahs. As the guests were about to leave Master Ernest Hull struck upon the piano "My Country, 'tis of Thee," and all joined in the inspiring strain, making a fitting conclusion to an evening which intensified the patriotic feeling of all present.

On July 3d the Chapter met with Mrs. John Davenport. Besides the papers in the regular order of the course in the early history of New York were, "Early Dutch Homes," by Mrs. Harry S. Hull, and "The Governors of the New Netherlands," by Miss Mary Waldo and Miss Nora Hull. Other readings suitable to the occasion were given. "The Declaration of Independence," by Mrs. Reuben E. Robie, and "Fort Cralo, the Home of Yankee Doodle," by Miss E. Theodora Howard. Two new members were present and Miss Ruth Barnes, of the Buffalo Chapter, and Miss Canfield, of the Fort Plain Chapter, were guests. At the close of the business meeting an adjournment was taken to the dining-room, where dainty refreshments

were served from a prettily decorated table and a delightful social time enjoyed by all.—KATHARINE MORGAN LARROWE.

ABI HUMISTON CHAPTER (Thomaston, Connecticut).—Our Chapter not being in existence for any length of time, we have not much to report. On an exceedingly hot day, July 8, 1897, Mrs. Kinney, State Regent of Connecticut, met twelve ladies at the home of Mrs. Mary L. Hassard, and organized the Abi Humiston Chapter, No. 37, Mrs. Mary L. Hassard having been appointed Regent by Mrs. Kinney. Notwithstanding the extreme heat the meeting was a very pleasant one, the members enjoying the remarks of the State Regent, and all accepting cheerfully the burden laid on each, for all the members were officers, no privates. A social followed, while cooling refreshments were served. Mrs. Kinney was obliged to leave early, which all regretted. Our Chapter was named for one who was the daughter, wife and mother of ardent patriots, all of whom lived in this neighborhood. The name itself (Abi) is a distinguished one, for way back in Bible times is not Abi the name of the mother of King Hezekiah, she being the daughter of King Zachariah? In September the Chapter had a very interesting meeting at the home of Mrs. Josephine M. Blakeslee, the Vice-Regent. Several papers were read, and the literary part was followed by a dainty collation. Since then, two very interesting and instructive meetings at the homes of Mrs. Ray, Secretary, and Mrs. Stoughton, Treasurer, have been held. We have had good historical papers and readings, all contributed by the members.

Our charter was received late in September, 1897, and by the vote of the Chapter is to be framed with wood taken from the old home of Mrs. Abi Humiston. Three new members have been added to our ranks, and all are trying to make our Chapter a success. We hope to increase and do some good work on broad lines. Our charter members are as follows: Mrs. Mary L. Hassard, Regent; Mrs. M. Josephine Blakeslee, Vice-Regent; Mrs. Amelia C. Ray, Secretary; Mrs. Julia G. Eastwood, Registrar; Miss Lizzie Stoughton, Treasurer; Miss Kate Huxford, Librarian; Miss Frances E. Blakeslee, Historian; Mrs. J. M. Woods, Mrs. G. E. Holt, Mrs. Mary Covert,

Miss Ruth Pease and Miss Nellie Griggs, Board of Managers.
—FRANCES EMELINE BLAKESLEE, *Historian*.

CAESAR RODNEY CHAPTER (Wilmington, Delaware) held its annual meeting in the rooms of the Historical Society, Tuesday, December 7, 1897. Interesting papers relating to the subject of a National University, and asking for the coöperation of the Chapter were read by the State Regent, Mrs. Elizabeth Clarke Churchman. After a full discussion, it was moved and seconded that the matter be laid over for future consideration. The Treasurer reported that by a most successful and enjoyable loan exhibit given by the Chapter at the New Century Club, on the 16th of November, a sum of money was raised for the Continental Hall Fund. The following were the officers elected for the ensuing year: Regent, Miss Sophia Waples (re-elected); Vice-Regent, Mrs. Harvey S. Denison; Secretary, Miss Helen Ernestine Van Trump; Treasurer, Mrs. William Mortimer Drein; Registrar, Mrs. J. D. Martinez-Cardeza (re-elected); Historian, Mrs. W. Goodell Clark; Chaplain, Miss Hariette Werrick Mahon (re-elected). The Chapter, in celebrating the anniversary of its organization, also commemorates the day on which Delaware ratified the Constitution, it being the first State to do so.—MARY ELIZABETH CLARK, *Historian*.

QUEQUECHAN CHAPTER (Fall River, Massachusetts).—The regular monthly meeting was held Tuesday afternoon, January 11th, Mrs. Caroline E. Mackenzie, our Treasurer, being the hostess, the Regent, Miss Mary L. Holmes, presiding. The parlors and hall were appropriately decorated with flags, and a goodly number of members and guests were present. At the business meeting delegates were elected to the Continental Congress to be held in Washington in February, after which the literary exercises commenced by the Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Emily J. T. Cobinn, reading an interesting account of the recent meeting of the Old South Chapter in the historic church for which it was named. It was bright and much enjoyed, especially by the Chapter members present on that occasion. This was followed by an interesting paper by Mrs. Hall, of the Lydia Cobb Chapter, of Taunton, Massachusetts, on

“Paul Revere.” The paper showed patient research and study, and of great interest were the letters of Paul Revere to his wife and son Paul, which were copied from the original letters by Mrs. Paul through the courtesy of a descendant of this famous and patriotic man. The Regent of the Lydia Cobb Chapter and two other members were present. The interchange of thought and courtesy between sister Chapters is a pleasant feature to be recommended and fostered. A letter from Mrs. Donald McLean, Regent of the New York City Chapter, on the George Washington Memorial, was read. After a social hour the meeting adjourned. The delegates chosen were the Regent, Miss Mary L. Holmes; Historian, Mrs. C. W. L. Davol; alternates, Vice-Regent Mrs. Mary P. Hartley, Mrs. Bessie Corel. Many new names have been voted upon, and we look for a new and wider interest in the Daughters and their work.—

MRS. CORNELIA W. L. DAVOL, *Historian.*

HUNTINGTON CHAPTER.—The Daughters of the American Revolution held their second meeting in the beautiful and commodious home of their Regent, Mrs. W. W. Hawley. The spacious hall and adjoining room were decorated with flags, smilax, myrtle and the National colors. Mrs. Frank Windle presented the Chapter with large cards containing “Yankee Doodle” and other patriotic songs and the same lady presided at the piano and blended its tones with the voices that sang the songs that their ancestors gloried in singing during the dark and despairing days of America’s Revolution. A constitution was adopted and a half hour was devoted to a parliamentary drill. At its close the Regent stepped forward with the charter of the Chapter in her hand and said: “Ladies, Carlyle has said, ‘a people that take no pride in the noble achievements of remote ancestors will never achieve anything worthy to be remembered with pride by remote descendants.’ This is, indeed, a proud and happy moment. Ever since I was appointed Regent by the National Society, last June, I have looked forward to the time when we would have a fully incorporated Chapter of one of the grandest societies of women known to exist among nations to-day, the Daughters of the American Revolution. My most sanguine hopes have been more than realized.

In the absence of the State Regent, I now present to the Huntington Chapter its charter. Mrs. Registrar, you will have charge of this treasure."

The Chapter numbers nineteen members and bids fair to be one of the leading organizations of the State. The meetings will be held once a month.—SARAH R. SESSIONS, *Historian*.

LOUISA ST. CLAIR CHAPTER.—The annual meeting of the Louisa St. Clair Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, was held in Detroit on January 8th. The Treasurer reported 161 members, an increase of thirty-four during the year. A very interesting paper on "Louisa St. Clair," after whom the Chapter was named, was read by Mrs. Emory Wendell. Mrs. Lucy A. Leggett, one of the charter members of the National Society, gave an account of its birth and organization. The question of a Children's Society was discussed, and Mrs. Sanborn, the Director of the Children's Work in Michigan, explained the workings of such an organization, which will be formed at once with Mrs. George William Moore as President and heartily supported by the Daughters.

The officers elected by the Chapter for the present year are: Regent, Mrs. William J. Chittenden; Vice-Regent, Mrs. Charles B. Lothrop; Secretary, Mrs. Oliver Phelps; Treasurer, Mrs. Henry K. Lathrop, Jr.; Registrar, Mrs. S. H. Seymour; Historian, Mrs. Emory Wendell; Executive Committee, Mrs. William A. Butler, Jr., and Miss Kate Hendrie; Delegates to the annual convention to be held in Washington, February 22d, Mrs. John S. Newberry, Mrs. Oliver Phelps, Mrs. Henry B. Joy, with alternates, Mrs. Henry M. Duffield, Mrs. Richard H. Fyfe and Mrs. N. G. Williams. An elaborate banquet was served at the Russell House at 6 o'clock, 120 covers being laid. Among the number present and at the same time celebrating her eighty-fifth birthday, was Mrs. Felton, of Wayne, whose father had fought in the Revolution. Those responding to the regular toasts were Miss Anna Sumner, Mrs. Walter Russell, Mrs. H. H. H. Crapo-Smith, Mrs. Bertram C. Whitney, Mrs. Charles B. Lothrop and Mrs. Louis A. Arthur. Interspersed with the toasts was a most pleasing patriotic musical program, adding to the charm of the occasion. The honored guests of the Chapter were Mrs. Fitzhugh Edwards, State Re-

gent of the Daughters; Miss Anna Pitkin, representing the Mt. Vernon Society; Mrs. E. B. A. Rathbone, President of the Colonial Dames of Michigan; Mrs. Alfred Russell, President of the Daughters of 1812; and Mrs. Henry Skinner, Governor General of the Order of Descendants of Colonial Governors. Adjourning from the banquet table the ladies entered the handsomely decorated parlors, and gave a reception to the members of all the patriotic societies in the city, which was largely attended and proved one of the most delightful functions of the social season.—*SALLY H. P. PHELPS, Secretary.*

PIEDMONT CONTINENTAL CHAPTER (Atlanta, Georgia).—This new Atlanta organization of the Daughters of the American Revolution was founded by Miss Junia McKinley, Honorary State Regent of Georgia, and the first meeting was called to order by her, October 26, 1897, the charter being obtained about a month later. This new Chapter began its career under most auspicious circumstances. Beginning with a roll-call of forty-two members, composed almost entirely of the younger contingency, girls and young matrons full of enthusiasm and zeal in their new work, it has grown steadily both in size and work till now it bids fair to rival Chapters of much greater age and bids them look to their laurels. They have obtained the use of the Atlanta Woman's Club rooms, spacious and beautiful apartments in the Grand Opera House Building, where they meet the second Tuesday in the month, and are in every way in a most flourishing condition. The officers of the Chapter are: Mrs. William Bell Lowe, Regent; Mrs. Heber C. Reed, Vice-Regent; Mrs. Mary Brent Whiteside, Recording Secretary; Mrs. Thomas Read Rootes Cobb, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. Louis Gholstin, Registrar; Miss Estelle Whelan, Treasurer; Mrs. Lawrence Haynes, Historian; Mrs. Miller B. Hutchins, Auditor.

Miss McKinley, the founder of this Chapter, was co-founder with the late Mrs. M. Berrien Duncan, of the Atlanta Chapter, the first Chapter organized outside of Washington. She also has the distinction of being the first active charter member in Georgia and one of the most noted, tireless and most faithful workers the entire organization has ever possessed.—*KATE LEYDEN HAYNES, Historian.*

CURRENT TOPICS.

HAVING had access to the archives of the Society, the original paper signed by those signifying their intention of joining the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution on October 11th, 1890, at the Strathmore Arms, has been carefully copied, and is as follows:

Ladies present at the organizing of the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution:

Eugenia Washington.	Mary V. E. Cabell.
Flora Adams Darling.	Jennie D. Garrison.
Ellen Hardin Walworth.	Mary S. Lockwood.
Mary Morris Hallowell.	Alice Morrow Clark.
Aurelia Hadley Mohl.	Pauline McDowell.
Florida Cunningham.	Mary Desha.
Caroline L. Ransom.	
Emily Lee Sherwood.	
Ada P. Kimberly.	Gentlemen present:
Susan Riveré Hetzell.	Prof. G. B. Goode.
Margaret Hetzel.	Prof. W. C. Winlock.
Harriet Lincoln Coolidge.	Mr. William O. McDowell.

All of these signers subsequently became members.—MARY S. LOCKWOOD.

WILL the Editor kindly insert the following:

In the December number of the Magazine some one in Current Topics signing herself "A Charter Member," gives an excellent explanation of the modus operandi of the work at Headquarters. However, I beg to correct a statement in regard "to the postage paid National Officers from the treasury," as it is too sweeping, being in direct contradiction to the action of the Boards of 1896-97, when a motion that the Vice-Presidents be allowed *postage was lost*.

This writer says in speaking of the "National Officers:" "They do have their postage paid from the Treasury," I quote.

We ask at once who are the National Officers? The Constitution answers in Article IV, Section 1, and Section 2 al-

lows the number of Vice-Presidents to be increased to twenty. Here it is in a nutshell. These "*active officers*," by Section 3, Article IV, with a State Regent from every State and Territory, compose the National Board of Management, according to Article VI, Section 1, of the Constitution. The President General and the Vice-Presidents General are a very part of the corporate body of *active officers* of the National Society, note in proof the wording of Section 3 of Article IV, beginning "In addition to the *active officers* named in Section 1 of this article, there may be, &c., &c."

Thus, it will be seen the term "National Officers" takes a wide sweep, and the statement of "the Charter Member" should be modified to correspond to the action of the Board upon this matter in 1896 and 1897.

The motion that the "Vice-Presidents General should be supplied postage" was made by Mrs. Mary Sawyer Foote in 1896, and by Madam von Rydingsvärd in 1897, and Mrs. Foote believes a fair minority of the Board still hold to the principle that makes no discrimination as to its National Officers in the supply of postage and stationery for official correspondence, and she the more boldly advocates this principle at this time and through the Magazine since she is not now eligible to the office of Vice-President General, having served two consecutive years.

The simple error in the otherwise judicious statement of the "Charter Member" in regard to this point, was her lack of information, which she, as one of the Board, would have possessed.

Lest the "Charter Member" should say, "I referred to the National Officers 'at Headquarters' only," I reply that among all the *active officers* at Headquarters, I know of none more active than the resident Vice-Presidents General. It is personal effort, there being no clerkships known to the *First Vice-President General* or the nineteen Vice-Presidents General, and every member of the Society, I trust, may know that no Vice-President General has ever received postage for official correspondence, though the "Charter Member" asserts: "They do have this postage paid from the Treasury." This the Secretaries, Registrars, Treasurers, &c., *do* have, and the State

Regents also, and *even* the President General, and therefore my protest is against the discrimination in excluding the Vice-Presidents, a part of the body of National Officers.

I beg to speak of the untiring vigilance of all at Headquarters in responding to the many requests of this mammoth Society. It may be assumed that those honored by its confidence will be alert in duty, involving such responsibilities, *whether with postage or without*.—MARY SAWYER (FOOTE) THOMAS.

February 12, 1898.

WE hope the following appeal from the Flag Committee will be carefully read and acted upon. If the State Regents will take the matter up with the same energy that the Committee have, the old flag will be saved from desecration:

MILWAUKEE, January 13th, 1898.

STATE REGENT, DAUGHTERS AMERICAN REVOLUTION:

DEAR MADAM: The Committee of the National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution, upon the "bill to prevent desecration of the flag," are conscious that the only means by which they can reach the twenty-five thousand "Daughters" scattered throughout our country is by the active aid of the State Regents of the Daughters of the American Revolution, and without the help of the National Society—that is the twenty-five thousand Daughters—the committee can hardly expect success in the earnest endeavor they are making to secure from Congress a law to protect the flag.

The Senators and Representatives now in Washington must be made to feel that the intelligent and patriotic people in their several States want and demand such a law. The Committee ask each State Regent to communicate with the various Chapters of her State and induce them to move in this matter. Cordial and encouraging responses to the former have been received, but our belief in ultimate success lies in the hope that the Daughters everywhere will *each* take this to heart as a patriotic duty in which her own small personal labor will help to make the solicitation of such vigor and energy as shall bring to us the longed-for result, the protection of our flag from desecration.

The influence upon Members of Congress to be of effect must come from their own States; and we earnestly entreat each Daughter to do all she can for the protection of the flag of our fathers by inducing influential men and women to write to Senators and Representatives an urgent request for active effort in behalf of the bill to prevent desecration of the flag which has been presented to Congress by the National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution.

FLAG COMMITTEE, NATIONAL SOCIETY, D. A. R.

THE Society of the Sons of the Revolution of the State of New York offered a prize for the best original essay on the subject, "Washington's Farewell Address of September 17, 1796." The competition for this prize was open to members of the junior and senior classes of the college.

MANY admiring readers of Miss Dromgoole's charming stories will read with interest the address given by her on Watauga Day at the Tennessee Centennial, which appears in this number of the Magazine.

THE first anniversary of the Old South Chapter, Old South Meeting House, was held December 16, 1897, Mrs. Laura Wentworth Fowler, Regent. We can judge of the meeting when the program furnished such subjects and speakers as "The Women of the Revolution," by Mrs. Mary A. Liesman; an address by Rev. Luther H. Angier, D. D., and Colonel Henry Thomas. Patriotic music enlivened the occasion, and all went merry as a marriage bell.

WE regret to note that Mrs. Elizabeth Cox Sullivan, who has been so long the Regent of the Eagle Rock Chapter of Montclair, New Jersey, will not this year represent the Chapter in the Congress. Mrs. Sullivan has done most excellent work in New Jersey, and has received the highest commendation from the State Regents and her associates in patriotic work. An article which will be printed in this issue will show what has been accomplished by the earnest workers in Montclair.

Mrs. Sullivan and her young son, Paul Revere, to whom, if we remember correctly, the New Hampshire Daughters presented a loving cup for having been born on the anniversary that Paul Revere took his famous ride, sailed for the Bermudas on January 18, and will spend the remaining part of the winter in that delightful climate.

A PLEA.

IN filling out application papers for would-be Daughters of the American Revolution a difficulty is often met with. It is required that the date of birth and date of death of the revolutionary ancestor from whom we claim descent be stated in this application. Where to find these dates is often a puzzle. Naturally the first thing to be consulted is the family record, if such has been preserved. While the family Bible, with its valuable record, may be in the possession of some one of the many descendants of this ancestor, its very existence is often unknown to others whose interest in it may be as great or even greater. This is very likely to be the case where children and grandchildren have scattered.

We then look to the town records for the necessary information. But alas! they are often incomplete, and the wished for dates are not to be found therein. Another difficulty we have to contend with is this: The ancestor in whom we are so deeply interested may have been born in one place, resided in another, and died in yet a third. So just where to look for the records of his birth and death becomes a deeper puzzle, especially if, as is often the case, the seeker after knowledge is not aware that the place of birth or death of the ancestor in question is not the same as that where he long resided.

Another source of information is the church record, where births are sometimes found recorded, but more often baptisms. It was customary in old times to have a number of children in the same family baptized at the same time. So the age of the child cannot be determined exactly, only approximately, by the date therein given. As many do not believe in infant baptism, or rather do not consider it necessary to have this rite performed nowadays, the church record will cease to be a source of information for births. There is still another source from which we learn much, and that is the grave-stone. On some stones is found the date of birth, as well as the date of death, and this is best. The more common way is to give the date of death and the age, and one has only to study them to become aware how often mistakes are made and how impossible

it is in many cases to arrive at the correct date of birth by deducting the years, months, and days from the date of death. Comparing the date thus obtained with that found on other records we find they do not agree. They are a year out of the way, and oftentimes the months and days are also wrong. It is probably done by subtracting the dates of birth from that of death, beginning with the years, then the months, and lastly the days, regardless of the fact that the year had not been completed, nor the month. Hence we see that to avoid such gross mistakes it would be better to have both dates put upon the stone, and he who reads them can do his own reckoning and learn the age for himself.

It is with deepest regret I have noted, and undoubtedly all who indulge in genealogical study and research must share in this feeling, the fad (for what is it but a fad?) of placing only hyphenated years upon the monuments and grave-stones. For instance, John Smith, 1830-1896. Who is he? In the years to come it may be difficult, perhaps impossible, to identify the said John Smith to prove that he really was the one who was born at such a time to such parents. And what may not depend upon having accurate dates concerning him? Possibly a widow's pension, or an orphan's. Heirs may be unable to prove their title to property just for the lack of a date. Or a would-be daughter of the Civil War may be looking up information concerning her ancestors and find a stumbling block just here which will prevent her becoming a member of the Society.

I call the attention of the Daughters of the American Revolution to Article II. in the Constitution of the National Society, and ask if they do not think it as much of a duty to do all they can to preserve to coming generations that essential part of history which they are now seeking from the past, viz., dates. For the sake of the future historian and genealogist, in whom I can but be deeply interested, I beg not only the Daughters of the American Revolution, but the Sons of the American Revolution, and members of all patriotic societies, D. R.'s, S. R.'s, Cincinnati, Mayflowers, Colonial Dames, Holland Dames, in fact every one, to frown this fad, and to see to it that, as far as they individually are concerned, henceforth the

full dates, not only of death, but of birth, shall be placed upon the memorial erected to their loved ones, and thus be preserved in enduring marble and granite. By so doing you will indeed confer a favor upon those who come after. Make this the fad and you will merit the gratitude of many. Sincerely hoping my plea may find favor. HARRIET MARSHALL PEASE.

CORRESPONDENCE.

January, 1898.

To the Daughters of the American Revolution: The Committee on "Prison Ship Lists," authorized by the Board of the National Society, desire to obtain as full and correct a list as possible of all persons confined on the prison ships during the Revolutionary War.

There is, in private hands, much information relating to these patriotic sufferers.

If you have any knowledge that will help to make the lists accurate and complete, please send it to the Chairman of the committee, whose name is hereunto affixed.

Each Regent is asked kindly to see that the matter is brought to the attention of her Chapter.

MRS. ELROY M. AVERY,
Chairman.

657 Woodland Hills Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

MALDEN, MASS., October 16th, 1897.

MY DEAR MRS. LOCKWOOD: Please find enclosed a money order for \$1.00 (one dollar), my yearly subscription to the Magazine. The list of the members of the "Boston Tea Party" is worth more to me than the price of the Magazine, as it is available for my genealogical scrap book. Seth Engusall Browne was my grandfather, and I furnished the article which bears his name in Drake's *Tea Leaves*. I enclose a slip cut from a newspaper concerning a man whose name does not appear in your list. Would it not be well for some Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution in Maine to look this matter up? The name, if authentic, would be a valuable addition to the list.

"In a pauper's grave in the old cemetery in the town of Moscow, Somerset county, one of Maine's oldest burying grounds, lie the remains of David Decker, a member of the famous 'Boston Tea Party,' says the Aroostook *Pioneer*. Decker drifted into Maine after the close of the war with England, and for a time lived in the west part of Moscow, near the brook that bears his name."

HARRIET H. ROBINSON.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

THE "Anniversary Book of the American Revolution," by Mrs. Mary Shelley Pechin, a Daughter of the American Revolution from Western Reserve Chapter, combines the ordinary features of a birthday book with a revolutionary calendar. The selections of verse and prose for each day are singularly appropriate and stirring, while the outside is attractively bound and the whole will make an acceptable gift for any season of the year. It is published by the Hellman Taylor Co., Cleveland, Ohio. Price, \$1.50.

Another calendar, for 1898 only, hangs above the library desk, and its pithy words will remind us daily of the Chapter at Stamford, Connecticut, by whom it was issued to raise funds for Chapter work.

Yet another collection of words of wisdom is presented to us by Mrs. Anna C. Reifsnyder, a Daughter of the American Revolution from St. Louis, Missouri, and the owner of a publishing house there. The book is called "Gilgal; or, Stories that Pave the Path to Success," and is the result of the author's own experience gained during her years of struggle for an independence.

The Patria Club of New York City has issued a pamphlet on "History in the Kindergarten," prepared by Mrs. H. W. H. Greene. The method it suggests seems a very pleasant and helpful one for fixing in even the youngest mind some of the salient points of our national history. It can never be too early to impress upon our future citizens the duties which their birth-right imposes.

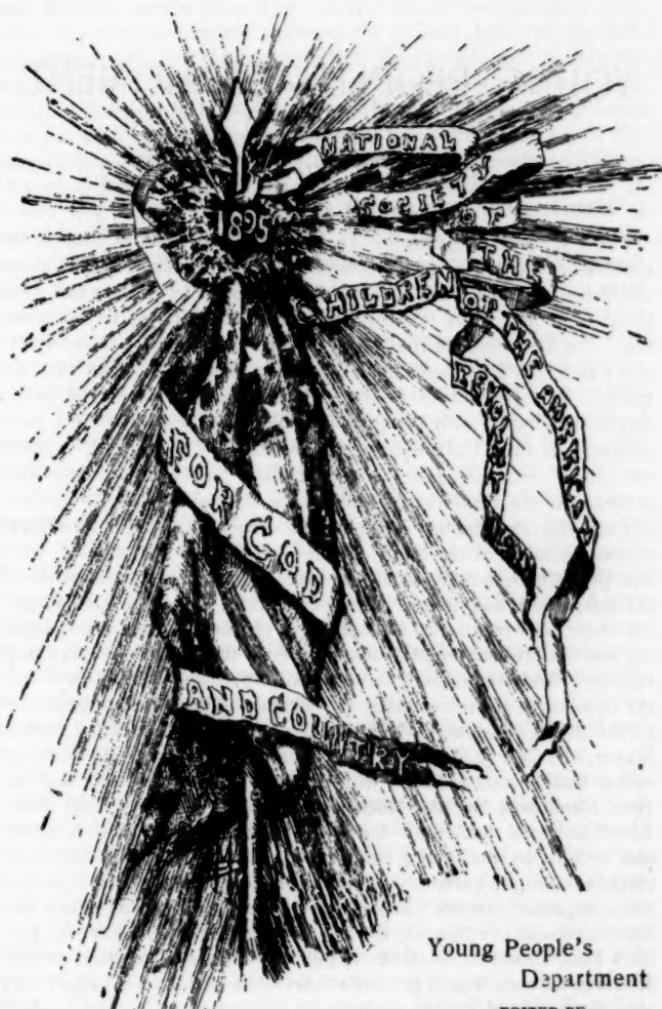
Elroy M. Avery, of Cleveland, Ohio, is preparing an addition to Sweets' history of the Averys of Groton, and for that purpose issues a tiny quarterly entitled "Avery Notes and Queries," of which we were glad to receive a copy. All who send to Mr. Avery any facts about the family genealogy, will perform a duty they owe to their own ancestors and kin, for almost all families have, or have had, Avery intermarriages.

The printing of a complete roster of that regiment of Connecticut volunteers commanded by Colonel David Waterbury,

Jr., is a work for which many will feel grateful to the editor, A. H. Clark. This regiment previous to the Revolution had seen much hard service in the French and Indian wars, and was the first to volunteer for the defense of New York against the British in 1776. The editor's notes give some historical facts about the regiment which add a delightful interest to the long lists of names. This little work is published in pamphlet form by A. S. Clark, 174 Fulton Street, New York City. Price, \$1.00.

The Robert Clarke Co., of Cincinnati, Ohio, publishes a small volume of 260 pages, entitled "The Covenanter, the Cavalier and the Puritan," which the reviewer found most inspiring. It shows very clearly that the Nation owes more than is generally acknowledged or known to the zeal of the Covenanters at the time of the Revolution. It also explains some of the bitter causes of partisan warfare which prevailed to such an extent through the Southern Colonies. To those of Covenanter faith the book will seem like a *psalm*, while those of Cavalier and Puritan stock, after reading it, will want to give a hearty grip of the hand to those whose ancestors stood alone in the thickest of the fight against such odds.

GERTRUDE B. DARWIN,
Librarian General, D. A. R.



Young People's
Department

EDITED BY
MARGARET SIDNEY.

MAY WHITNEY EMERSON, ARTIST

YOUNG PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENT.

REPORTS CONTINUED.

STEPHEN HEMPSTEAD SOCIETY OF NEW LONDON, CONNECTICUT.

The first special meeting of the Stephen Hempstead Society of the Children of the American Revolution, of New London, was held at the old historic Hempstead House, on the afternoon of February 22d, 1896, to celebrate in a fitting manner the birthday of the immortal Washington. The low-ceilinged rooms lent themselves admirably to the decorator's skill, and flags, bunting, and patriotic emblems were lavishly displayed. The portrait of George Washington, crowned with laurel leaves and draped with the folds of "Old Glory," occupied the most conspicuous place. An appropriate musical and literary programme was finely rendered, and at its conclusion light refreshments were served. As the anniversary of the battle of Lexington came on Sunday last year, the Stephen Hempstead Society held a special meeting in commemoration of the battle on the afternoon of the 18th of April. The programme was especially arranged to bring into prominence all the chief events and actions of that memorable day, each member giving some facts relating to the battle. A pleasing feature of this meeting was the presentation, to each member of the Society, of a badge of red, white and blue ribbon, with the Society's name printed on it. At the conclusion of the exercises, an elegant bunting flag was presented to the Society by one of New London's patriotic citizens, a former Mayor, Mr. George F. Tinker. Memorial Day dawned bright and clear in our seaside city, and early in the morning the members of the Stephen Hempstead Society, laden with flowers, met at the Coit Street school, and very quickly the dewy flowers were fashioned into bouquets and wreaths by the loving hands of the children. The flowers were placed in a wagon garlanded with the folds of Old Glory, and, escorted by a delegation from the Society, were sent to the court-house, as a loving testimonial of respect to the fast-thinning-ranks of the W. W. Perkin's Post, Grand Army of the Republic. Another delegation of children wended their way to the city's "ancientest burial place," where they placed a basket of pansies (pansies for remembrance) on the tomb of the sweet and loyal lady—Lucretia Harris Shaw, whose name the local Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution bears. Flag day was appropriately celebrated by an out-of-door fete, held on the lawns of one of the Society's Vice-Presidents. The day was indeed perfect for a lawn party. Never did the sun shine brighter, the air

smell sweeter, nor the grass look fresher, than on this particular afternoon. Twenty-six members answered the roll-call, but over fifty children were present, for the members had invited their little friends, the little aliens whom we have the happy privilege of inviting to join us, in honoring the flag which they love as well as we. The house and lawns were profusely decorated with bunting, flags, patriotic emblems, and fancy-colored lanterns were hung in every available space. Old Glory—fairest of flags—floated conspicuously in the soft Summer breeze. A literary and musical programme was enjoyed by all, one feature of which was a recitation, entitled: "How Old Put Fooled the Englishman," by Marion Bullard, a lineal descendant of that bluff old General, Israel Putnam. After the programme was concluded, game after game was indulged in, and when the bell sounded for them to be seated for refreshments, a happier group of children would have been hard to find. After refreshments, games were again enjoyed, until the western sky warned us that it was time to adjourn, when fifty tired but happy little voices joined in singing "Star Spangled Banner," while fifty pair of bright eyes lovingly rested on the waving-folds of Old Glory. On Forefather's Day, the senior class-room of the Coit Street school had a very festive appearance, for the decorating committee of the Stephen Hempstead Society had spared neither time nor labor in the decorations. Delegations from the Children of the American Revolution Societies of Connecticut had been invited to join with the Stephen Hempstead Society in celebrating the day in a fitting manner. A very elaborate programme had been arranged, and each number was thoroughly appreciated by all. The talk on Thanksgiving—Forefathers' Day, illustrated by drawings on the blackboard, was very fine, indeed, and reflected great credit on the members of the Society. The programme concluded with a Flag drill by the members, and elicited well merited applause.

The grandest meeting by far in the history of the Society, was the "Send-Off Rally," held Saturday afternoon, February 6th, at the Coit Street school, when the Stephen Hempstead Society of the Children of the American Revolution entertained the Children of the American Revolution Societies of Connecticut, for on this day, the National emblem, which Connecticut held for 1896 as the Banner State, was sent on to Washington. The school-room was in gala dress. Flags and bunting, artistically draped the walls and encircled the chandeliers, and numberless multi-colored yachting pennants were festooned across the room. The meeting was called to order by Mrs. Slocomb, State Director of the Children of the American Revolution of Connecticut; this was followed by the roll call. Each Society represented, and there were eleven out of the thirteen in Connecticut present, responded with a sketch of the hero after whom their Society is named. After the roll call, Mrs. Marian R. Hempstead-Stayner, President of the Stephen Hempstead Society of the Children of the American Revolution, wel-

comed the visitors in a happily worded address, after which the programme for the afternoon, so ably planned by Mrs. Stayner, was finely rendered. The members of the Stephen Hempstead Society took hold of the work with a will and did their best to please their guests. The exercises of the Stephen Hempstead Society concluded with a Flag drill, so intricate in its movements and so admirably executed that it must be seen to be appreciated, for the evolutions cannot be described in words. At the conclusion of the programme, addresses were made by Mrs. Slocomb, State Director, and Judge Alfred Coit, which were greatly enjoyed. Then, the beautiful "National Emblem," which Connecticut had the honor of enjoying for the year 1896, was proudly carried to the depot by Everett Stanton, member of the Stephen Hempstead Society, followed by all the Presidents, Vice-Presidents, and members. A children's fife and drum corps furnished martial music. At the station all was in readiness as the children filed into the express office to carefully pack the National emblem. A few touching lines from the Children of the American Revolution of Connecticut were fastened to this before the box was closed and with a few parting words the meeting was adjourned. On this afternoon—the 22d day of February—while you, members of the Pirum Ripley Society, Children of the American Revolution of Washington, and your visitors, are having your meeting, think, that here in New London, the Stephen Hempstead Society are also honoring the day. We realize more and more as the days glide by what a grand Society we are members of, and over our glasses of lemonade we pledge ourselves to be true and loyal to the principles of our Society—bearing ever in mind our glorious motto: "For God and Country," pledging ever allegiance to our beloved flag.

"Our Country's flag—to thee we give
Our heart's devotion while we live:
Symbol of all that makes us free,
To thee we render loyalty."

Respectfully submitted,

JENNIE ALEXANDER SMITH,
Secretary.

LAURA WOLCOTT SOCIETY OF TORRINGTON, CONNECTICUT.

Our Society was duly organized March 3d, 1896. We have fourteen members, eleven of which are charter. We have held six meetings so far. We expect an increase in our membership as there are some papers which have not been handed in as yet.

Yours respectfully,

H. B. HANCHETT,
Secretary.

LAURA WOLCOTT SOCIETY OF TORRINGTON, CONNECTICUT.

The first meeting held in Torrington relative to the formation of a Society of the Children of the American Revolution was at the house of Mrs. A. B. McCarty, on February 29th, 1896, but owing to the unpleasant weather and the small attendance, the final organization of the Society did not take place until the following week. On March 4th, eleven young people met and the Society was formed. It was named the Laura Wolcott Society, in honor of a daughter of Governor Wolcott, a signer of the Declaration of Independence. This family lived in the adjoining town of Litchfield, and tradition states that Laura Wolcott was one of the friends of Liberty who helped melt the famous leaden statue of George Third into bullets for the use of the Continental Army. Mrs. McCarty, who is a member of the Ruth Hart Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, of Meriden, and to whose enthusiasm this Society owes its existence, was elected President; Harry B. Hanchett, Secretary, and Miss Emma McNeil, Treasurer. This Society was also fortunate in having present at its organization, Mrs. C. H. S. Davis, then Regent of the Ruth Hart Chapter, who gave them valuable information and assistance. The second meeting was held April 17th, the paper and poem read at that time being on the subject of the battle of Lexington and Paul Revere's ride. On June 20th, the anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill was celebrated by a pleasant meeting, and a paper on that subject was read. Early in November, Mrs. McCarty was obliged to resign her office as President, and her place was filled by Mrs. Louise A. Carpenter, a charter member of the Torrington Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution. The last two meetings of the year were on November 6th and December 29th, and at these as well as the others, those members present found both pleasure and profit. On the occasion of most of the meetings, the rooms were decorated with potted plants and the national colors, and after the papers had been read, business transacted, and all had joined in singing "America," a social half hour followed, and light refreshments were served.

MRS. LOUISE A. CARPENTER,
President.

PIRAM RIPLEY SOCIETY OF WASHINGTON, D. C.

Our Society, seeing the need of a local constitution providing for those things not included in the National one, appointed a committee to draw up by-laws. The members having been previously notified, this code was put before the Society March 18, 1896, discussed and voted upon. In its revised form, it was then adopted. These by-laws provide for meetings of the Society, election, names and duties of the officers, special order of business at the annual meeting and for amendments. Although at the time these seemed sufficient for us, this year since our Society has grown so that there are absences at all meet-

ings, there was added a new by-law, by which we have been able to increase our treasury. This amendment provides for a fine of ten cents for absence and five cents for tardiness, unless an excuse can be presented to and accepted by the President and Secretary. For the benefit of our Society a play was given last winter. With the money gained by this—about eighteen dollars—we paid for the continental costumes used at the drill at the Congress and paid the expenses of the play. At our meetings, which are held every third Wednesday at four o'clock, at the residence of the different members, the programme is as follows: Singing of "America," by the Society; roll call and reading of minutes of the previous meeting, by the Secretary, and the business followed by the literary exercises. Last year these consisted of stories of revolutionary times, biographies, and reading of miscellaneous articles of patriotism, etc. At the beginning of this year a new play was suggested and accepted. This is, that the history of the Revolution be studied by the Society in the following manner: At each meeting several members recite the lives of famous men who took part in the war or in any other way assisted in establishing independence, and the narratives of famous battles. Our members have made themselves familiar with some of the most important of parliamentary laws. This is a great help in calling and conducting meetings.

Respectfully submitted,

ELIZABETH BONNEY KEECH,
Secretary.

LITTLE MEN AND WOMEN OF '76 SOCIETY, OF BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

Madam President and Founder of the Children's Society, Daughters of the American Revolution and Children of the American Revolution: I come, as a delegate, to bring you greeting from the Society of the Little Men and Women of '76, Brooklyn, New York.

ELSIE WHITE HOPKINS,
Treasurer of the Society and Delegate who read the Report.

The Brooklyn Society of the Children of the American Revolution was organized on Saturday, October 3, 1896, at the residence of Mrs. S. V. White. The occasion was unusually pleasant, owing to the presence of Mrs. Lothrop, the National President and founder of the Society of the Children of the American Revolution, who spoke most interestingly in regard to its aim and purpose. Mrs. J. U. Thayer, who had been appointed President of the Society, was introduced and addressed the children briefly. Since then meetings have been held for November, December and January. At the second of these the various officers were appointed. Miss Elsie White Hopkins was made Treasurer; Miss Anna Wight, Registrar, and Miss Beatrice Thayer, Secretary. In addition to this it was proposed that the Society should have a scrap-book in which all articles of interest might be kept. The charge of this book was given to Miss Susan Kennedy. In connection

with naming our Society, Mrs. S. V. White prepared a list of the names of many of the boys and girls who so patriotically aided their country during the Revolution. Although each had proved himself worthy of the honor, it was difficult to choose one name out of so many by which to call our Society. Therefore it was decided that in admiration of all these young heroes our Brooklyn Society should be named "The Little Men and Women of '76." For each meeting papers upon some revolutionary topic are prepared and in this way we have listened to articles on "The Cause of the Revolution and with which Side the War Began," "The Battle of Bunker Hill," and "The Prison Ship Martyrs." To bring the events of those times more clearly before the minds of the children a stereopticon view lecture, under the auspices of the "Little Men and Women of '76," was given on February 6th. The subject was "Washington and the Revolution." This proved both instructive and entertaining. At present there are sixty-seven members and the number is rapidly increasing.

BEATRICE THAYER,
Secretary.

CHARLES WARREN SOCIETY, OF DANVERS, MASSACHUSETTS.

First meeting of the year 1896 was on March 10th, and we have met every month, excepting July and August. Twenty-six names appear on the list of membership; largest number present at any one meeting, nineteen; four are very young; three are non-residents. At the roll call each child is expected to respond with an historical quotation or memory gem. The literary exercises consist of giving and answering questions in American history, recitations and patriotic songs, closing with the salute to the flag. To this Society is entrusted by the Sons of the American Revolution the care of the grave of Judge Samuel Wolten, a revolutionary hero.

ALFRED FELLOWS MASURY,
Delegate.

VALLEY FORGE SOCIETY, OF EASTON, PENNSYLVANIA.

The Valley Forge Society of the Children of the American Revolution, of Easton, Pennsylvania, was organized January 9, 1897: Mrs. R. B. Dawson, President; Mrs. F. W. Edgar, Vice-President; Harry Copp Edgar, Treasurer; Raymond Meixsell, Secretary; William Kirkpatrick, Registrar; John Cooper, Color Bearer. The second meeting was held at the residence of the Vice-President on February 19th. The meeting was opened by prayer, then an opening address by the President. The initiation of members, salute to the flag, and talks of future work completed the session. The membership roll numbers twenty-seven.

Respectfully submitted,

E. AMELIA DAWSON,
President.

EBENEZER HUNTINGTON SOCIETY OF NORWICH, CONNECTICUT.

All great movements in the world's progress are met with obstacles and opposition at the beginning. There always have been and always will be those who are ever ready to pass severe criticism upon, and doubt, the utility of new methods or new organizations. The great organization bearing the name of the Society of the Children of the American Revolution has proved no exception to this. The people of the beautiful old New England city of Norwich, Connecticut, still possess, to a marked degree, the traits of their illustrious ancestors (most commendable traits without a doubt), the most prominent being their aversion to accept a new idea until it has been thoroughly investigated and proven by others to be of some value. When our beloved National President, Mrs. Lothrop, appointed, in April, 1896, a President of the Society which she hoped would be immediately formed in Norwich, the sentiment existing at that time was so strongly opposed to such a Society, no action was taken because of no coöperation in the matter. The question was repeatedly asked of what practical use is it? The children have enough to do now in school without adding more work for the already overtaxed young minds. This I always answered by quoting the well chosen words of Mrs. Lothrop in her leaflet number three, with which you all are familiar. It was not until November of the same year that a successful effort was made. In the meantime, like the ancestors of old, a few, who knew the cause was right, never wavered, but kept persistently and silently at work, believing that in time a little leaven leaveneth the whole, and the result plainly shows how the labors of the faithful few are abundantly rewarded, for the city of Norwich, Connecticut, can to-day boast of a Society phenomenal in its growth and unrivalled in enthusiasm, while the people of the city rejoice that such a Society has been formed and only wonder why it was not formed before. Those who were at first the most opposed, are now the Society's staunchest friends and ablest supporters. This teaches the oft repeated lesson—"Never give up what we know to be right." The initial meeting of this newly-formed Society was specially for the parents, in order to explain to them the purposes of the Society, and to tell them about the work being done in other cities in our State. The President felt sure if the parents were interested the children surely would be, and to accomplish this, written invitations were sent to sixty-five mothers of the most prominent and influential families, also a general invitation was extended to all, through the daily papers. In response, there gathered together in the spacious parlors of Mrs. W. S. C. Perkins, Regent of the Faith Trumbull Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, on the afternoon of November 7th, 1896, forty-five mothers and children. After explaining the object of the meeting and reading the charming letter of greetings from our National President, Mrs. Lothrop, which carried with it such inspiration to all present, a Society was at once organized, and officers elected, and a most hope-

ful feeling was expressed that the Society would succeed and prove a powerful agent for good patriotic work among the young people of the city. Much credit was due to the bright and practical talk given by Mrs. Marian Hempstead Stayner, President of the Stephen Hempstead Society of New London, who kindly consented to be present on this occasion. The enthusiasm was so great that the President immediately received invitations from several interested mothers to hold subsequent meetings at their large and beautiful homes. The next meeting followed on the 18th of the same month, when seventy-six persons were present. This meeting was held at the palatial residence of Dr. Leonard Ballou Almy, whose little daughter is the talented Historian of the Society. This lovely home was beautifully trimmed with flowers and the Nation's colors, while Washington's picture was placed in a conspicuous place, artistically draped with a large American flag, and on either side were appropriately placed two curiously carved old chairs, once the property of General Putnam. The background was formed by potted chrysanthemums. It was at this meeting the Society received its name of Ebenezer Huntington. A brief account of this brave young man will be interesting, for he was one of Connecticut's most illustrious patriots. It is truly said, "Like father so like son." General Jabez Huntington, father of Ebenezer, was descendant of Simon Huntington, one of the original proprietors of the soil. Just previous to the war, General Jabez Huntington was a prosperous merchant, owning a beautiful home at Norwich Town—and a large amount of shipping. After many consultations with his wife, Jabez came to the decision that he would give up all his property in order to help on the great cause of our National Independence. The next question to consider, was whether it would be right to compel their dearly beloved children to suffer the loss of property and prospects. After the husband and wife consulted together once more, they concluded to put the question to their children and let each one decide for himself. One beautiful morning when already could be heard the low mutterings of the approaching storm, Jabez Huntington called together his seven children, and, with a voice trembling with emotion, led them in prayer for divine guidance, and then spoke in the following words: "Children," said he, "your mother and I have been deciding for ourselves a question of duty to our Country—a question which is to affect seriously our prospects. Before a final decision, which shall embrace you personally, in the act of hostility to our dear mother land, we wish you also to count the costs. The risks must be great. Our homes, our stores, our ships, our lands may all be burned or sunk or ravaged, yet our Country we may save. These colonies we may contribute to make independent and prosperous States. This land we may contribute to make a home for constitutional liberty, an asylum to which the abused and outraged of every other land may come for shelter, a land populous and prosperous,

rich and happy. Believing this and hoping this, we have solemnly decided that ours henceforth shall be the cause of the patriots. We have pledged our property, our time to this. We shall now have you to choose your lot with us and assume its risks and dangers, or take your places with those who prefer still to cling to the mother land, to whose sway your parents can be no longer loyal." After these words, calling each one by name—Jedediah, Andrew, Joshua, Ebenezer, Elizabeth, Mary, and Zackariah, the last mentioned being only seven years old; are you all ready to go with your parents and share our risks and our reward? With one voice the children pledged themselves to give up everything for their Country, and they all were identified with the long struggle which resulted in the independence of the colonies. Ebenezer Huntington, after whom our Society is named, was the fourth child. He entered Yale College at the age of seventeen years, and was within two months of completing his course when the battle of Bunker Hill was fought. He asked the President of the college if he might leave and enlist; he was refused, but was determined to do something for his Country. He ran away at night and went to Wethersfield and enlisted; from there he went to Boston and took part in the war. The faculty of the college threatened him with loss of his degree, but he was finally allowed to graduate with his class. He rose to distinction in the army, was promoted to the rank of colonel, and afterwards to that of general. He died, in 1832, at the age of 80. Dr. Gilman, writes: "If the annals of the Revolution record the name of any family which contributed more to that great struggle, I have yet to learn it."

The Ebenezer Huntington Society was thus organized and named. The Society has received the most generous hospitality, but its numbers are now such that its President hopes in the future, to be able to secure some permanent quarters, for the organization, so that the steady growth and development of the Society in historical study may not be interrupted by its having no abiding place. It has been suggested that the local Daughters, Sons, and Children may join forces and secure headquarters where the three Societies may regularly hold separate meetings, and on special occasions meet together, thus showing unity of spirit in a work of which the aims and purposes are identical. The work of the Children of the American Revolution cannot be too strongly urged, being far more important than that of the Sons and the Daughters, for upon the youth of our land rests the future preservation of our Nation, and the love of Country and the patriotic principles instilled into the minds of these young people through the medium of this Society, form the chief cornerstone of the great structure—Our Nation.

Respectfully submitted,

CARRIE ELIZABETH ROGERS,
President.

IN MEMORIAM.

[It will be necessary to limit the extent of obituary notices. They have become of such length as to almost prohibit publication. They must be made brief to insure a place in the Magazine. Biographies do not properly come under this head. Many are necessarily omitted this month on account of the length.—EDITOR.]

ELIZABETH SARAH ATLEE.—Donegal Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, is called upon to mourn the first break in their membership since their organization in April, 1892, in the death of their beloved member, Elizabeth Sarah Atlee, who died August 10, 1897, after an illness of several weeks. She was one of the earliest members of the Chapter, and its first Historian, serving loyally, faithfully, and efficiently. Quiet, gentle, and unassuming, a good daughter, a faithful friend, a devoted Christian, her loss is deeply felt. Miss Atlee came of distinguished revolutionary ancestry, and was a granddaughter of the celebrated physician and surgeon, John Light Atlee.—SUSAN REIGART SLAYMAKER, *Recording Secretary.*

MRS. HANNAH ADAMS WEST.—Entered into rest January 14, 1898, Mrs. Hannah Adams West, aged ninety-one years and nine months, honored member of Deborah Sampson Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution. She was born in Roxbury, Massachusetts, in April of the year 1806. Her family removed to what is now the city of Rockland, Maine, when she was six years old, going by sailing vessel, and the voyage lasted fifteen days. At the age of twelve she entered the family of Major General Knox as waiting maid to his widow, Lucy Fluker Knox. Her recollections of this period, and of this family of the intimate friend and staff officer of General Washington, were very interesting and pleasing, often amusing.

The following resolutions were adopted by the Chapter:

WHEREAS, The hand of Divine Providence has removed Mrs. Hannah Adams West, the daughter of a patriot, from the scene of her temporal labors, and as the Deborah Sampson Chapter is desirous of testifying to its respect for her memory, and to its sympathy with the family deprived of her presence; therefore be it

Resolved, That it is but a just tribute to her memory to say that we regret the removal from us of one who was in every way worthy of our respect and esteem;

Resolved, That this testimonial of our sympathy be forwarded to the family, to the local papers, and to the AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE, and be placed upon the records of the Chapter.

CLARA LINCOLN ATWOOD,

Registrar.

MARY WOODRUFFE BEALE,

HETTIE RUSSELL LITTLEFIELD,

Secretary.

MRS. ELLA BASSETT WASHINGTON, wife of Colonel Lewis W. Washington, of Virginia, a member of the Mary Washington Colonial Chapter, of New York City, passed away Monday, January 17, 1898, after a long illness. From its very incipiency Mrs. Washington evinced the greatest interest in this Chapter, attended its early meetings, and gave enthusiastic advice and encouragement. Her presence and manner were ever attractive, and her bearing such as befitted one of her noble birth.

She was related to many of the most distinguished of our American families, as in her veins flowed the blood of Presidents Washington, Taylor, two Harrisons, and also she was a lineal descendant of William Burnett, one of the Colonial Governors of New York and Massachusetts Bay. She was an early member of the Ladies' Mount Vernon Association, a Colonial Dame of Virginia, and a trustee of the National Historical Museum. In literary circles she was also well known, being the author of a number of exquisite poems, and also of the best and truest, "Life of Mary Ball Washington."

At a meeting of the Executive Council of the Mary Washington Colonial Chapter held January 18, 1898, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God to take from this world the soul of our deceased fellow member, Mrs. Ella Bassett Washington;

Resolved, That by the death of this sweet and gracious woman of high lineage, noble character and fine intellectual attainments the Chapter has suffered a severe loss;

Resolved, That a fitting floral memorial be placed upon the casket of our departed friend, and that the Chapter members attend the funeral in a body.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the Magazine.

ETTA CELIA SPAULDING BATES.—Entered into rest, January 15, 1898, after a painful illness of four months, Etta Celia Spaulding Bates. She was a woman endeared to her friends and the community by her untiring devotion to their interests. Active in the benevolent and other associations to which she belonged; a communicant of Trinity Church; a charter member of the Ann Story Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, in which we bear grateful remembrance of effective work, especially as a member of the Research Committee.

MRS. SAMUEL H. SAYFORD.—The first death to occur in the Old Newberry Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, was that of Mrs. Samuel H. Sayford, whose maiden name was Lucretia Bingham Story. She was born in Manchester, Massachusetts, seventy-four years ago, and was a descendant of Henry Story, a private in the Massachusetts troops, and prize master on the ship Franklin. Mrs. Sayford was a kind and sincere friend, loving and dutiful in every relation, and in the church devoted to her covenant obligations. A large and loving circle mourn her demise.

MRS. LUCY A. PLUMER.—On November 3, 1897, there died at her residence in Manchester, New Hampshire, Mrs. Lucy A. Plumer. Mrs. Plumer was a member of the Molly Stark Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution. Her nature was one of peculiar loveliness, and she endeared herself to all who knew her. Appropriate resolutions were passed at a meeting of the Molly Stark Chapter and spread upon its records.—HISTORIAN.



OFFICIAL.

HEADQUARTERS NATIONAL SOCIETY.

902 F St., Washington, D. C.

OF THE

DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

National Board of Management
1897

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(MRS. MARK BURCKLE HATCH) SARAH H. HATCH,
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Historian General.

MISS ELIZABETH BRYANT JOHNSTON, **ASSISTANT HISTORIAN GENERAL.**
1320 Florida Ave., Washington, D. C.

MRS. FRANCIS J. FITZWILLIAM,
Bloomington, Ill.

Surgeon General.

Librarian General.

MRS. GERTRUDE BASCOM DARWIN,
1524 Twenty-Eighth St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

Attorney General.

HOW TO BECOME A MEMBER.

Any woman is eligible for membership in the NATIONAL SOCIETY DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION, who is of the age of eighteen years, and is descended from a patriot man or woman who aided in establishing American Independence, *provided the applicant is acceptable to the Society*. Family tradition alone in regard to the services of an ancestor, unaccompanied by proof will not be considered.

All persons duly qualified, who have been regularly admitted by the National Board of Management, shall be members of the *National Society*, but for purposes of convenience, they may be organized into local Chapters (those belonging to the National Society alone being known as members-at-large).

Application Blanks and Constitutions will be furnished on request by the State Regent of the State in which you reside, or by the "Corresponding Secretary General" at headquarters, 902 F street, Washington, D. C.

Application should be made out in *duplicate*, one of which is kept on file at National Headquarters and one returned to file with a Chapter should one be joined.

The application must be endorsed by at least one member of the society. The application, when properly filled out, should be directed to "Registrars General, D. A. R., Room 52, 902 F street, N. W., Washington, D. C."

The initiation fee is One Dollar; the annual dues are Two Dollars.

The sum (Three Dollars) should be sent by check or money order, *never by cash*, to "Treasurer General, D. A. R., Washington, D. C."

No application will be considered until this fee is paid. If not accepted this amount will be returned.

Mrs. S. V. White's motion as amended by Mrs. Joy, of Michigan, and Mrs. Tittmann, of Washington, District of Columbia: "I move that the full minutes be printed in the Magazine, the word 'minutes' to be defined as a record of the work done, including all motions offered, whether carried or lost, but not including debate." Carried at Sixth Continental Congress.

MINUTES OF NATIONAL BOARD OF MANAGEMENT.

THURSDAY, January 6th, 1898.

The regular monthly meeting of the National Board of Management was held on Thursday, January 6th, at 10 o'clock a. m., Mrs. Adlai E. Stevenson, President General, presiding. Members present: Mrs. Brackett, Mrs. Brockett, Mrs. Alger, Mrs. Manning, Mrs. Dickins, Mrs. Lindsay, Mrs. Howard, Mrs. Thurston, Mrs. Henry, Mrs. Hill, Mrs. Hatcher, Mrs. Hull, Mrs. Stakely, Mrs. Main, Mrs. Johnston, Mrs. Seymour, Mrs. Taplin, Mrs. Hatch, Miss Johnston, Mrs. Darwin, and of the State Regents, Mrs. Kinney, of Connecticut, and Miss Miller, of the District of Columbia.

The meeting was opened with prayer by the Chaplain General.

The stenographic report of the proceedings of the previous meeting were read, and with one or two slight corrections, stood approved.

The minutes as prepared for publication were read by the Recording Secretary General, and, upon motion, were accepted.

REPORT OF THE RECORDING SECRETARY GENERAL.—Charters issued: "Samuel Ashley," Claremont, New Hampshire; "Broad Seal," Trenton, New Jersey; "Lucy Jackson," West Newton, Massachusetts; "Presque Isle," Erie, Pennsylvania; "Mayflower," Red Oak, Iowa; "Genesee," Flint, Michigan; "Oshkosh," Oshkosh, Wisconsin; "Spirit of Liberty," Salt Lake City, Utah; "St. John de Crevecoeur," St. Johnsbury, Vermont; "Abi Humaston," Thomaston, Connecticut; "Council Bluffs," Council Bluffs, Iowa; "Anne Brewster Fanning," Jewett City, Connecticut; "Kewanee Illinois," Kewanee, Illinois; "Mary Weed Marvin," Walton, New York; "Old Glory," Franklin, Tennessee; "General Evan Shelby," Owensboro, Kentucky; "New Connecticut," Painesville, Ohio; "Martha Jefferson," Manchester, Iowa; "Gansevoort," Albany, New York; "Quaker City," Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; "Huntington," Huntington, Indiana; "Fargo," Fargo, North Dakota; "Aloha," Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands.—Total, 23. Charter applications issued, 8; officer's commissions, 81; letters written, 93.

Respectfully submitted,

(Signed)

CHARLOTTE EMERSON MAIN,
Recording Secretary General.

Report accepted.

REPORT OF THE CORRESPONDING SECRETARY GENERAL.—Blanks issued, 3,305; constitutions, 531; Caldwell circulars, 359; letters written, 61; letters received, 131; circulars (relating to photographs) issued, 29.

Respectfully submitted,

(Signed)

MRS. ANDERSON D. JOHNSTON,
Corresponding Secretary General.

Report accepted.

REPORTS OF THE REGISTRARS GENERAL.—Mrs. Seymour reported: Applications presented for membership, 326; applications on hand unverified, 11; applications verified, awaiting dues, 35; badge permits issued, 150.

Respectfully submitted,

(Signed)

MARY JANE SEYMOUR,
Registrar General.

Report accepted.

Mrs. Taplin reported: Applications for membership presented, 292; applications on hand, unverified, 4; applications verified, awaiting dues, 68; badge permits issued, 144.

Two daughters of revolutionary soldiers have been admitted to membership in the list presented, viz: Mrs. Betsey Ives, of Southington, Connecticut, and Mrs. Phebe R. Gainfort, of Meriden, Connecticut. There have been eight resignations and ten deaths.

Respectfully submitted,

(Signed)

LILLIE TYSON TAPLIN,
Registrar General.

Report accepted.

It was moved and carried that the Recording Secretary General cast the ballot for these applicants.

Moved that the resignations be accepted and the announcement of the deaths be received with regret. Carried.

Mrs. Brackett moved: "That this poem be purchased by the Board."

Mrs. Dickins amended this by offering the following: "That a frame be procured for this poem at the cost of \$1.50." The amendment was voted on and carried. The original motion was again offered and acted upon in the affirmative.

It was moved and carried that the report of the chairman of the Revolutionary Relics Committee be accepted.

REPORT OF THE VICE-PRESIDENT GENERAL IN CHARGE OF ORGANIZATION.—Madam President, and Ladies of the National Board of Management: The following Regents have been appointed by the respective State Regents: Mrs. Hattie Fuqua Moody, Eminence, Kentucky; Mrs. Mary Louisa Davis Cook, Barre, Massachusetts; Mrs. Mary Louisa Yale, Winona, Minnesota; Mrs. Henrietta Pease Durant, Stillwater, Minnesota; Mrs. Anna Bell Andrews Wolfe, Gouverneur, New York; Mrs. Mary Slocomb Cotton, Portsmouth, Ohio; Mrs. Elizabeth Sandusky Tipton, Cleveland, Tennessee; Mrs. Pattie White McGuire, McMinnville, Tennessee; Mrs. Annie Dudley Davis, Harriman, Tennessee; Mrs. Louella Styles Vincent, Stephenville, Texas; Mrs. Anna Bancroft Kilbourne, Columbus, Ohio. The formation of the "Manor House" Chapter in the District, with Mrs. M. A. Ballinger as Regent, is presented for approval; also a request from fourteen members for formation of a Chapter at Columbus, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, to be known as the "Witness Tree" Chapter.

Respectfully submitted,

(Signed)

HATTIE NOURSE BROCKETT,
Vice-President General in Charge of Organization.

Report accepted.

REPORT OF THE HISTORIAN GENERAL.—Madam President: I have very little to report, save that the 5th volume of the Lineage Book will probably be here before the adjournment of this session of the Board. To place the present condition before you, I beg leave to inflict upon you the preface of the fifth volume. It is short:

"The fifth volume of the Lineage Book embraces members of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution entering in the years 1893-94. There has been no change in presenting these records, except that more stress is laid upon tracing the several lines of ancestry, the result of greater care having been bestowed by applicants upon their papers, but in larger degree due to the untiring search of those in the office, who have become experts, not infrequently instructing members in their vain efforts to untangle ancestral claims. I take pride in calling attention to this, as the work is valuable and will greatly aid in future publications.

"Historical precision is a myth, or can, perhaps, be better symbolized by shifting sands. Facts accepted for a century are suddenly discredited by the publication of an old letter, by a resurrected orderly book. Pivotal events are not subject to such disturbances, but many legends, stories and traditions, cherished for generations, have, for want of proof, been rejected.

"Names continue to give trouble. Let no one become unamiable over mistakes in a name, as long as we have records sent where the family names have been three times changed since the Revolution. From such inattention to patronymic inaccuracy some one, of course, is injured. We have no national chirography, neither the delicacy of the French, the grace of the Germans, nor the 'sturdy, bold round hand' of the English. We have something that partakes of each without the character or excellence of either. In a generation, through the labors of our public schools, we may anticipate a development in our penmanship claiming the dignity of being American, meantime the Editors of Lineage Books must patiently struggle on.

"This is the last volume in which a member who entered on a collateral line will appear, the Constitution having been changed so as to limit membership to lineal descent by the Fourth Continental Congress. In these five volumes are the names of many young soldiers whose lives were given for liberty ere they had been crowned by family ties; also in these books the "Roll of Honor" has been glorified by illustrious heroes, notably Francis Marion, Francis Nash, Nathan Hale, Nicholas Herkimer and George Washington.

Respectfully submitted,

(Signed)

ELIZABETH BRYANT JOHNSTON,
Historian General.

Report accepted.

REPORT OF THE LIBRARIAN GENERAL.—The books reported last month as in the hands of the binder have been returned, and are most satisfactory. But another dozen will need to be bound this month.

More bookplates will probably need to be ordered before the next Board meeting, as the supply is nearly exhausted.

If any one is desirous of making a most acceptable donation to the Library, I would suggest bound volumes of the publications of each State Historical Society, or a subscription to the current volumes now issuing from these several sources. They are full of matter which would be most useful to us, and we especially need those of the Maine Historical Society. Stile's History of Windsor, Connecticut, would also be a very welcome addition.

The following contributions to the Library have been made since last report:

Bound Volumes.—1. James Nourse and his Descendants, from the author, Mrs. Maria Catharine Nourse Lyle. 2, 3. The Lebanon (Connecticut) War Office, and the Year Book of the Connecticut Sons of

the American Revolution for 1895-1896, both from that Society. 4. Biographical Sketches of Delegates to the Continental Congress from Georgia, by C. C. Jones, Jr., and (5) Soldiers of the Revolution from Lebanon (Maine), both from the Dolly Madison Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution. 6. First Year Book of the Knowlton Association of America, from the compiler, William Herrick Griffith. 7. Organization and By-Laws of Sequoia Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, and (8) Planting of the Liberty Tree, by Sequoia Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, both from that Society. 9. Messages and Papers of the President, Volume VI, from the Superintendent of Documents. 10, 11. History of Georgia, by C. C. Jones, Jr., (two volumes), from his daughter and his son, Charles Edgeworth Jones, in memory of their father. 12. Anniversary Book of the American Revolution, by Mary Shelley Pechin, from the publishers, the Helman-Taylor Company. 13. "Gilgal," from the author, Mrs. Annie C. Reifsneider, Daughters of the American Revolution. 14. Genealogy of the Claypoole Family, by Mrs. Rebecca Irwin Graff, from Mrs. C. E. Graff. 15. History of Lexington, Kentucky, by G. W. Ranck, from the Lexington Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution. 16. Handbook of Washington, by deB. Randolph Keim, from Mrs. Keim. 17. "What America Owes to Woman," a National Exposition souvenir, from Mrs. Elroy M. Avery. 18, 19, 20. Our Country, Volumes III, IV, and V, from the Patriotic League. 21, 22. Lineage Book of the Daughters of the American Revolution, volumes III and IV. 23. History of the Presbyterian Church at Flemington, New Jersey, by George S. Mott, and (24) The One Hundred and Seventy-Fifth Anniversary of the Reformed Church, at Readington, New Jersey, and (25, 26, 27) The Jerseyman, edited by H. E. Deats, volumes I, II, and III, all from Mrs. Eva Deats, our new Daughter of the American Revolution, from Flemington, New Jersey.

Pamphlets.—28. The Two Colonels, John Taylor, by Henry Race. 29. Sketch of James Sterling, by Edward Boker Sterling. 30. History of Hunterdon County (New Jersey) Historical Society, by Elias Vosseller. 31. Sketch of the Copper Mining Enterprise near Flemington, New Jersey, by Elias Vosseller. 32. Historical and Genealogical Sketch of Colonel Thomas Lowrey and Esther Fleming, his wife, by Henry Race. 33. Centennial of the Presbyterian Church at Flemington, New Jersey; all of these being the gift of Mrs. Eva Deats, who commemorates the admission into the Society by this hearty interest in our library. 34. Gleanings relative to the family of Adam Hawkes, by Nathan Hawkes. 35. Genealogy of the Allen Family of Manchester, Massachusetts, by John Price. 36. Supplement to Allen Family Genealogy, by A. A. Galloupe. 37. The Gedney and Clarke Families of Salem, Massachusetts, by Henry Fitzgilbert Waters. 38. First Cruise of the United States Frigate "Essex," by Captain George Henry Preble. 39. Letters written at the time of the Occupation of Boston

by the British. These six came from the Essex Institute, Salem, Massachusetts, by exchange. 40. Society in Washington, by deB. Randolph Keim, from Mrs. Keim. 41. Roll of members in Michigan of the Order of Descendants of Colonial Governors prior to 1750, from the Governor General, Mrs. Skinner. 42. *In Memoriam* Charles C. Jones, Jr., from the author, Charles Edgeworth Jones. 43. Letters and manuscripts of all the Signers of the Declaration of Independence, from one of the seventeen complete sets, from C. C. Darwin. 44. The One Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary of the First Congregational Church in Bristol, Connecticut, from Miss Mary P. Root, Historian of the Katharine Gaylord Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution. 45. Jessamine County, Kentucky, from the author, Samuel M. Duncan, through Mrs. Seymour.

Periodicals.—AMERICAN MONTHLY, for December, 1897; Annals of Iowa, for January, 1898; Colonial Tracts, No. 9, for January, 1898; New York Genealogical and Biographical Record, for January, 1898; Our Country, for October and November, 1897.

Respectfully submitted,

(Signed)

GERTRUDE BASCOM DARWIN,
Librarian General, D. A. R.

Mrs. Brockett moved that the report, with its recommendation, be accepted. Carried.

REPORT OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.—The regular meeting of the Executive Committee was held on Tuesday, January 4th, at 10 o'clock a. m., Mrs. Rose F. Brackett, First Vice-President General, presiding. All the members of the committee were present.

Various matters were discussed, principally in connection with letters received by the different members, which were settled by the Committee.

Two representatives of the Choral Society of Washington were granted an audience for the purpose of asking the co-operation of the National Society in a concert proposed to be given by the Choral Society during the week of the Continental Congress.

Respectfully submitted,

(Signed)

ROSE F. BRACKETT,
Acting Chairman.

(Signed)

CHARLOTTE EMERSON MAIN,
Recording Secretary General.

Report accepted.

At 12.30 p. m., Mrs. Seymour moved to go into executive session. Carried.

At 12.40 p. m., the regular order of business was resumed, when Mrs. Dickins moved: "That the papers considered in executive session be returned by the Registrar and the fees returned by the Treasurer." Carried.

The President General appointed Mrs. Manning on the Committee

to Present Medals to the Founders of the National Society, vice Mrs. Wilbour, resigned.

REPORT OF THE FINANCE COMMITTEE.—*Madam President:* The Committee has attended to the usual routine. It wishes to call the attention of the Board to the list of Real Daughters. Spoons for fifteen were furnished last month and for sixteen this month. There are now the names of over 280 of these ladies on our lists.

Respectfully submitted,
(Signed) **MARGUERITE DICKINS,**
Chairman.

Report accepted.

REPORT OF THE PRINTING COMMITTEE.—*Madam President and Ladies:* During the past month the Printing Committee has transacted the following business:

On December 13th bids on two thousand Chapter Report blanks, for the Treasurer General, were considered, and the work was given to Mr. Fred B. Nichols, the lowest bidder. The blanks have been delivered at this office, and the bill approved by the Acting Chairman.

At this meeting two thousand magazine folders were ordered by the Business Manager for the MAGAZINE from the Harrisburg Publishing Company.

The Printing Committee also gave Mrs. Kate K. Henry, Chairman of the "Committee on Hotels and Railroads," permission to have one thousand railroad circulars printed by Fred B. Nichols.

At the present date, 897 of the 3,500 Certificates of Membership ordered in November have been delivered.

Respectfully submitted,
(Signed) **Mrs. J. M. THURSTON, Chairman.**
GEORGIA STOCKTON HATCHER,
LILLIE TYSON TAPLIN,
FRANCES A. JOHNSTON,
Chairman.

Report accepted.

REPORT OF THE ADMINISTRATION COMMITTEE.—*Madam President:* The Administration Committee had its regular meeting and attended to the details of office work. Present: Mrs. Brackett, chairman; Miss Miller, Mrs. Henry, and Mrs. Dickins. The committee during the past month authorized the closing of the rooms on Christmas and New Year's Day, these being regular holidays. Nothing else of any moment to report.

Respectfully submitted,
(Signed) **ROSE F. BRACKETT, Chairman.**
MARGUERITE DICKINS,
KATE KEARNEY HENRY,
JESSIE DAVIS STAKELY,
VIRGINIA MILLER,
Secretary to Committee.

Report accepted.

It was moved to adjourn until 2 p. m. Carried.

THURSDAY AFTERNOON, *January 6th, 1898.*

Pursuant to order, the adjourned meeting opened at 2 o'clock p. m., the President General in the Chair.

Mrs. Hill moved: "That the preservation of the ruins of the historic Fort Ticonderoga be considered a matter to be referred to the Empire State, rather than to the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution." Carried.

It was moved and carried to go into executive committee at 3:15 p. m. At 4 p. m. the regular order of business was resumed.

Mrs. Dickins moved: "That Statute 18 be amended by adding: 'All copies to be made in pencil, no ink to be used.'" Carried.

The amendments to the Constitution which were presented to the Board in December, were then read by the Recording Secretary for final action. Amendment first, presented by Mrs. Katharine Lincoln Alden, Regent of the Army and Navy Chapter of Washington, District of Columbia, amendment to Article IV, Section 1:

For the word "one" substitute "two," and for the word "years" substitute "terms," so that the Article shall read:

"These officers shall be elected by ballot by a vote of a majority of the members present at the annual meeting of the Continental Congress of the Society, and shall hold office for *two* years and until their successors shall be elected. No officer shall be eligible to the same office for more than two terms consecutively."

Amended by the Board by the addition of the word "biennially" after the words "by ballot," and striking out the word "annual," before meeting.

The amendment, as amended by the Board, was voted on and carried.

Amendment by Mrs. Lillie Tyson Taplin, Registrar General, Daughters of the American Revolution, to Article IV, Section 1, of the Constitution:

Change the words "two Registrars General," to "one Registrar General." Carried.

Also, an amendment to the same section, offered by the State Regent of New York, as follows:

Insert in last sentence the words "to such election," making it read: "No officer shall be eligible to such election to the same office for more than two terms consecutively." Carried.

At 4:10 p. m., the Board resolved itself into a Committee of the Whole for a discussion of the arrangements of the Congress.

At 5:20 p. m., the Committee of the Whole rose and reported progress.

Mrs. Dickins moved: "That the President General employ a parliamentarian at her own discretion." Carried.

It was moved and carried to adjourn until to-morrow at 10 o'clock a. m.

FRIDAY MORNING, *January 7th, 1898.*

Pursuant to call, the adjourned meeting was opened on Friday, at 10 o'clock a. m., Mrs. Adlai E. Stevenson, President General, presiding.

The motions of the previous day were read by the Recording Secretary General.

Mrs. Henry moved: "That we abide by the contract made with the printer for the printing of the Fifth Volume of the Lineage Book."

The Historian General asked to amend this motion by sending \$25.00, instead of \$50.00, which was the amount of extra charge.

The amendment was voted on and lost.

The original motion was voted upon and carried.

Mrs. Brockett moved: "That the bill from Bailey, Banks and Biddle for the engraving of certificates plate be paid." Carried.

At 12.30 p. m., the Board resolved itself into a Committee of the Whole.

At 12.40 p. m., the Committee of the Whole rose and reported progress to the President General.

Mrs. Manning resigned from the Committee to Select Medals.

The President General appointed Miss Miller to take the position on the Committee to Select Medals, vice Mrs. Manning, resigned.

The Registrars General presented some additional names for membership in the National Society.

The Recording Secretary General was instructed to cast the ballot for these applicants.

Mrs. Brockett moved: "That there be an extra meeting of the Board on January 27th, 1898, at 10 o'clock a. m., for the reception of new members and other business." Carried.

At 1.30 p. m., it was moved to adjourn until the 27th of January, at 10 o'clock p. m. Carried. --

Respectfully submitted,

(Signed)

CHARLOTTE EMERSON MAIN,
Recording Secretary General.

THURSDAY, *January 27th, 1898.*

A special meeting of the National Board of Management was held on Thursday, January 27th, at 10 o'clock a. m.

Pending the arrival of the President General, the First Vice-President General, Mrs. Rose F. Brackett, presided.

Members present: Mrs. Brockett, Mrs. Lindsay, Mrs. Howard, Mrs. Henry, Mrs. Hill, Mrs. Hatcher, Mrs. Hull, Mrs. Stakely, Mrs. Main, Mrs. Johnston, Mrs. Seymour, Mrs. Taplin, Mrs. Hatch, Miss Johnston, Mrs. Darwin, and of the State Regents, Mrs. Burdette, of Vermont; Mrs. Rathbone, of Ohio, and Miss Miller, of the District of Columbia.

Mrs. Henry moved that the minutes be read. Motion seconded and carried.

The Recording Secretary General read the resignation of Mrs. Avery as chairman of the House Committee and Mrs. Hatcher was appointed to fill the vacancy.

The Recording Secretary General announced that Mrs. S. V. White, of Brooklyn, had been appointed by the President General to serve as a member of the Committee on Prison Ships.

The Recording Secretary General presented to the Board the matter of the date of the organization of the "Warren and Prescott" Chapter, and at the suggestion of the President General, requested the privilege of withdrawing the following resolution offered by her and carried in May, 1897, as on close examination of the records of the office it had proved incorrect:

"WHEREAS, The Charter of the 'Warren and Prescott' Chapter, of Boston, Massachusetts, proves that said Chapter 'did under the authorization of the National Board of Management, on the 19th day of December, 1891, organize a Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution,'" therefore be it

Resolved, That the date of organization of this Chapter be changed in the Chapter records and record book of the Vice-President General in Charge of Organization, from November 5, 1892, to December 19, 1891. And that this change be published in the minutes of this session of the Board as a correction of said mistake, as stated in the report of the Vice-President General in Charge of Organization of December 3, 1896, this correction proving that the charter of this Chapter was not issued before the organization of said Chapter, but instead, nine months afterwards."

A two-thirds vote of the Board being given in the affirmative, the Chair directed the motion to be withdrawn.

The Recording Secretary General then moved: "That the date on the charter of the 'Warren and Prescott' Chapter—December, 1891—be changed to May, 1892, that being the month in which they elected their officers and were a completely organized Chapter."

The First Vice-President General moved "That this be referred to the Officer in Charge of Organization."

President General: "The motion of the First Vice-President General is before you. All in favor of this, will please say aye; those opposed, no." Carried.

This subsidiary motion being carried, the motion of the Recording Secretary General was lost.

The Vice-President General in Charge of Organization moved as follows: "That no one in a State can call a State conference except the State Regent. Of course she would not call except at request of Chapter. The Constitution does not recognize State organizations." Motion lost.

It was moved and carried to adjourn until 2 o'clock p. m.

THURSDAY AFTERNOON, January 27th, 1898.

Pursuant to call, the adjourned meeting was opened at 2 o'clock p. m., the President General presiding.

Reports of the Registrars General were given as follows: Mrs. Seymour reported: Applications presented, 391; applications verified awaiting dues, 24; applications on hand unverified, 15; badge permits issued, 53. "Real Daughters" admitted, 8.

Respectfully submitted,

(Signed)

MARY JANE SEYMOUR,
Registrar General.

Mrs. Taplin reported: Applications presented, 225; applications on hand verified awaiting dues, 21; applications on hand unverified, 20; badge permits issued, 45. "Real Daughters" admitted, 2.

Respectfully submitted,

(Signed)

LILLIE TYSON TAPLIN,
Registrar General.

Reports accepted.

The Recording Secretary General being absent, the Corresponding Secretary General acted in her place.

It was moved and carried that the Recording Secretary General pro tempore cast the ballot for these applicants.

REPORT OF THE VICE-PRESIDENT GENERAL IN CHARGE OF ORGANIZATION.—The following Chapter Regents have been appointed by the respective State Regents: Mrs. Abigail Irene Gunn, Washington, Connecticut; Mrs. N. Adaline McKlaskey Machan, La Grange, Indiana; Miss Ida Stuart Hamilton, Ewington, Kentucky; Mrs. Frankie Merrill Cochrane, Grand Forks, New York; Miss Lucie Margaret Bill, Carrington, North Dakota.

Chapter formed with fifteen members at Washington, District of Columbia, with Mrs. Mary Canfield Wysong as Regent, to be known as the Elizabeth Jackson Chapter, named for the mother of Andrew Jackson.

Respectfully submitted,

(Signed)

HATTIE NOURSE BROCKETT,
Vice-President General in Charge of Organization.

Report accepted.

The Vice-President General in Charge of Organization moved: "That on data furnished by the Vice-President General in Charge of Organization at the time, the date of organization of the "Warren and Prescott" Chapter be November 5, 1892; also, that data furnished be placed on file in Chapter records of Vice-President General in Charge of Organization, and that said Chapter have a new Charter with proper dates." Carried.

It was moved and carried to adjourn until the third day of February.

REPORT OF THE TREASURER GENERAL.

DECEMBER 27, 1897, TO JANUARY 26, 1898.

RECEIPTS.

Balance on hand December 27th, 1897,	\$165 07
Fees and dues,	3,315 00
Charters and life members,	217 50
Blanks,	8 40
Interest,	161 25
Continental Hall,	462 00
Magazine,	625 80
Rosettes,	24 30
Directory,	1 50
Lineage,	101 10
Ribbon,	2 83
	—————
	\$5,084 75

DISBURSEMENTS.

Dues refunded,	\$146 00
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Seventh Continental Congress.

Printing,	\$6 00
Postage,	5 00
Printing,	4 85
	—————
	15 85

Magazine.

Copyright fees,	\$6 00
December issue,	324 67
Folders,	7 00
January issue,	250 46
Engraving,	9 95
Editor's salary,	83 33
Business Manager's salary,	50 00
	—————
Spoons,	731 41
	21 60

Recording Secretary General.

Parchment,	\$18 00
Engraving,	12 20
Tubes and seals,	4 30
Clerk,	50 00
	—————
	84 50

Card Catalogue.

Clerk,	50 00
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General Office Expenses.

Rent—January,	\$125 00
Rent—February,	125 00
Postage,	120 00
Office expense,	30 00
Engraving,	350 00
Chapter blanks,	5 50
Blank book (register),	4 00
Engrossing,	5 00
Pins,	40 00
Stationery,	20 12
Office expenses,	10 00
Stenographer,	75 00
Curator,	75 00
	984 62

Registrars General.

Tubes,	\$22 00
Postage,	12 85
Engrossing,	20 80
Clerk,	50 00
Clerk,	50 00
Clerk,	50 00
Engrossing,	26 90
	232 55

Treasurer General.

Typewriting,	\$7 00
Lamp,	3 50
Record clerk,	50 00
Bookkeeper,	100 00
	160 50

Librarian General.

Binding,	\$8 45
Volume 3, Revolutionary Records,	3 25
	11 70

Historian General.

1,000 Volume 5, Lineage Book,	\$550 00
Postals,	10 00
Clerk,	70 00
Clerk,	50 00
	6 80

State Regent's Postage.

Mrs. Peck,	4 90
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Permanent Fund.

Pins,	\$359 00
Interest,	443 34
Lineage,	101 10
Directory,	1 50
Charters and life memberships,	217 50
Continental Hall,	462 00
Rosettes,	56 40
	1,640 84
Balance on hand,	320 28
	1,961 12
	\$5,084 75

ASSETS.

Current investments,	\$4,465 00
Permanent investments,	26,184 51
Current fund (Met. Bank),	320 28
Permanent fund (A. S. & T. Co.),	2,626 88
	33,596 67

Continental Hall Fund.

Susan Hart Shelby,	\$25 00
Faith Trumbull,	50 00
Wiltwyck,	100 00
Peoria,	25 00
Lexington, Kentucky,	50 00
Yorktown, Pennsylvania,	25 00
Baron Steuben,	30 00
Mollie Reid,	10 00
Chicago,	122 00
	437 00

SARAH H. HATCH,
Treasurer General.

